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## THE LADIES' DINNER.

WE were very aristocratic in Summerfield—oh! very. We were a New-England society, with very many reminiscences of the 'May-flower,' every house having some article from that heavily-freighted craft. We almost all of us had an old brocade, that had belonged to some ancestress of wonderful beauty, and some of us had a picture of a gentleman in powdered wig, broad cuffs, and other insignia of respectability. We were not rich; but then we were high-born, and that was a great consolation to us, as we sat in our little back-parlors and turned our old dresses, and spoke of the magnificence that *had been*.

So we watched with jealous and suspicious eyes all new-comers into our village. We did not wish to see the old aristocracy broken up. So when handsome Mrs. Ames, the rail-road contractor's wife, came to town, we pronounced her vulgar and low-born, and would not call upon her. But her handsome face showed itself so frequently at the doors of the poor and the sick, that we began to suspect the existence of virtues even among the lower classes. Then she wore very pretty collars and dresses, the patterns of which we admired and wanted, but would have died rather than asked for. At last, Dr. Ingersoll, our rector, asked us to call upon her, saying she was very intelligent and agreeable.

We called an especial tea-party to consider of the matter, and having all adopted our best sponged and turned black silks, reported ourselves at Mrs. Pendleton's, who was the *siné qua non* of Summerfield aristocracy.

Mrs. Pendleton was a stern, uncompromising old aristocrat, poorer and prouder than any of us. She had waged a fierce war with Summerfield society when she entered it herself, having been suspected of having *sewed* for lucre at one period of her youth. But this may have been a slander. At any rate, once in, she defended the barriers of the order with spirit and acrimony worthy of Oliver Cromwell himself. She had ruled us all with a rod of iron for many years. Church and State alike bowed before her mighty nod. The Church suffered particularly, for wo be unto the new rector if his wife did not become Mrs. Pendleton's slave; his pillow was one of thorns, carefully picked and stuffed for him by Mrs. P. State fared better, for the men could vote

and legislate somewhat as they pleased ; but even here her power was felt, and Mr. Peirson always attributed the loss of his election to her, because she had a son-in-law who wanted his place, and got it.

This formidable female convened, therefore, a tea-party, to take into consideration Mrs. Ames's case.

Mrs. Hanson came early. She was our wit and woman of letters. We always regretted that she could not in some way reach the throne ; for virtuous as we were, we felt that she would have been a Pompadour, had she had the chance. The evil whispered that Mrs. Hanson liked a flirtation, and there had been a chronic one in progress for many years. Still Mrs. Pendleton affected Mrs. Hanson, so we bore with it in silence, and really admired her wit and talent very much.

Then came Mrs. Stearns, who was somewhat richer than the rest of us, and therefore (such is the weakness of even the most exalted characters!) quite deferred to by the younger and least aristocratic of the villagers, (Summerfieldians, forgive me ! I should have said, *community*.) It required (as Sydney Smith said) a surgical operation to get a joke into Mrs. Stearns's understanding, and I think that had any such operation been undertaken, even with the influence of chloroform, it would have been fatal, as almost any sizable idea would have distended her mind entirely beyond the natural dimensions. Her literal interpretation of any remark made it sometimes awkward to talk with her on general topics, but she was aristocratic to a great degree, and her ancestors, in some remote age, came from Boston.

Then came Mrs. Wentworth, whom we thorough aristocrats looked upon with suspicion. She was one of us by birth and position, but she was always breaking out and doing improper things, like calling on new people, and we felt that if such people as Mrs. Wentworth were encouraged, anarchy and confusion would come next. Some of us had said as much, and had remonstrated with her ; but she said, 'Humbug !' and went on her way, with her bright blue eyes full of mischief and determination.

She was the only woman in the village who did not dread Mrs. Pendleton, and the occasional rebuffs which that monarch met with from Mrs. Wentworth, were, perhaps, the only instances of downright rebellion she had ever had to contend against.

We had tremendous talk at the tea-party. After exhausting the interesting events of village news, and after listening to two or three well-told anecdotes from Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Pendleton majestically commenced making tea, and giving out the law at the same moment.

'Ladies, I presume you have all heard of the advent in our village of a Mr. and Mrs. Ames, and I am not ignorant that our worthy rector, or rather I should say, our late rector, Dr. Ingersoll, has requested all the ladies to call and see her. I have inquired about the woman, and have seen her, and I unhesitatingly pronounce her vulgar and low-bred, and I need not say that I presume none of you will call upon her.'

Mrs. Pendleton paused and looked around on her quaking subjects until her eye reached Mrs. Wentworth, who was trotting her cup up and down and looking from the window and smiling.

Now Mrs. Wentworth was very tall and handsome, and could by no

means do any thing that was not noticed. So Mrs. Pendleton's attention was arrested immediately, and a look of alarm ran round the room, for we knew 'the hour of battle was near, and the trumpets sounded even to the combat.'

'May we inquire what amuses Mrs. Wentworth?' said Mrs. Pendleton, with knitted brows.

'I was bowing to poor Mrs. Ames,' said that undaunted individual.

'May I inquire how you happen to know Mrs. Ames?' said the autocrat, paling with wrath.

'I called yesterday, and found her a charming person, and I intend to know her better, and I trust all of you ladies will hasten to cultivate her, and give yourselves the great pleasure of knowing her,' said Mrs. Wentworth, still smiling, and looking about with her bright courageous eyes.

Mrs. Pendleton was a skilful general; she knew that a dignified silence was more impressive than a vigorous denunciation, so after a pause, she asked Mrs. Wentworth to take another cup of tea.

Although it seemed almost impossible to touch pitch and not be defiled, yet we all wanted to hear about Mrs. Ames, and Mrs. Hanson, presuming on the protection of Mrs. Pendleton, asked a few questions.

'She has an English way of speaking,' began Mrs. Wentworth; 'she is very well educated, and I particularly noticed the beauty of her hands. She asked me if there were any young ladies who wished to take lessons on the piano; she says she should like a few scholars; she was trying to mend an old coat when I went in —'

'Whose coat was it?' asked literal Mrs. Stearns.

'Her husband's, I suppose. She laughed very prettily, and asked me to show her how it was done, saying she didn't know very well how to mend old clothes.'

'Very creditable to a poor man's wife,' growled Mrs. Pendleton.

'I wonder if she ever heard of Burns's mother, who made 'auld claithes look 'maist as gude as new,' sighed Mrs. Hanson.

'Do you know,' burst out impetuous Mrs. Wentworth, 'she looks to me as if she had a history!'

'What history?' interrupted Mrs. Stearns. 'I have Robertson's and Gibbon's.'

'No, a story, a romantic story. I think she has seen better days. I wonder if any body knows any thing about her.'

'Dr. Ingersoll,' suggested a modest voice in the corner.

Now Dr. Ingersoll was a character. He was a man of great talents, but had not applied them much. He had been educated abroad, and perhaps that unfitted him for the duties of his New-England parish. Certainly, though for many years our rector, he had *not* corrected some very important faults in our community, but was whimsically fond of bringing them to light; he was a man of great humor, learning, and eccentricity, and having enough to live on, he had retired from the ministry, being a little lazy withal, and had been succeeded in turn by several young men, to torment whom was the honey of Mrs. Pendleton's existence.

Just at the moment of this last question, Dr. Ingersoll was announced.

He was evidently much amused internally, and had dropped in to hear the result of the ladies' congress.

Mrs. Pendleton had retired from the Ames conversation, and was talking with Mrs. Hanson with dignified contempt, every now and then catching a remark of ours, but appearing stone deaf to the whole thing. She did not dislike Dr. Ingersoll; he was an ancient institution, an aristocrat, and treated her with profound respect. She had an innate suspicion that he laughed at her, but as she frequently said, 'Dr. Ingersoll had a vein of levity in his composition which prevented his becoming a distinguished man,' she probably comforted herself in that way.

At length Mrs. Wentworth found an opportunity to ask the Doctor about Mrs. Ames. He pleaded profound ignorance, except that he believed she was of English birth. 'But I have some startling news for you, ladies,' said the Doctor, taking his spectacles from his pocket; 'we are to have another neighbor.'

To quiet the storm of 'When?' 'Who?' 'How?' that followed, the Doctor read us a letter, dated May first, Granton Vicarage, D—shire, England:

'DEAR SIR: I want to ask your kind services and attention for my friend and parishioner, Miss Lydia Hedd, who has taken the eccentric determination to go to your country to reside, owing, perhaps, to the sad associations which surround her home, lately a very happy one, but now desolated by the death of her father, and the ill-conduct of a relative. I have advised her to try your village at first, as I entertain agreeable remembrance of it, and I know you will receive her with a welcome. She is elderly, quite rich, and connected with some of the best families in the county. What she is mentally and morally you will soon discover—one of the wittiest and wisest of women, and when not too much prejudiced, one of the best. She wishes me to add, that if it is not too great an effort, she wishes you would take a house for her for one year, as she always travels with a retinue.

'How is my friend Rose? Blossomed yet? Not plucked from the parent stem, I trust, though my ungallant memory informs me that she approaches the sere and yellow leaf of sixteen. Ah! old friend, when you and I measured wits at Edinboro' we did not feel as stiff as we do now; but one of us, at least, has kept the stiffness from the vital organs, and still is yours, as of yore,

GEORGE SINCLAIR.'

We immediately began to run over in our minds the houses in the village which would suit a lady 'connected with the best families in the county.' There were but two empty ones. One was the Cramp-ton-House, a large red brick house, with stiff rooms on either side the hall, a stiff yard, and fence in front. It had belonged to a gentleman lately deceased, and was waiting for a purchaser. Another was the little rambling cottage at the end of the street, with rooms in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, built by some low-bred man who delighted in prospects; we immediately concluded that the high-born lady would prefer the Crampton-House, as that was much nearer a ducal residence in our minds than any other attainable.

Dr. Ingersoll, with his usual obstinacy and eccentricity, decided upon the cottage.

By the first of July we had all called upon and seen Miss Lydia Hedd. She was forty or more, tall, thin, and not handsome. We thought we saw traces of noble blood in her sallow countenance, but we felt a little offended at her *freedom of speech*. For instance, when we suggested that we thought the Crampton-House would have been a more fitting residence for a lady of her importance, she called it a miserable-looking, stiff, nonsensical house, with no views from it except the opposite stable; while she spoke of her cottage as an ugly, ill-contrived little *bungalow*, but with pretty views, and quiet, and away from the village.

'*Bungalow*' puzzled us for some time, but at length we discovered that it meant something East-Indian, but why it should be applied to a Christian cottage, in the highly-intelligent town of Summerfield, we could not imagine, or at least Mrs. Stearns could not.

Still we liked her very much. She was witty, well-informed, and hospitable. She instituted a very agreeable custom of giving a dinner once a week to seven ladies, herself being the eighth. No gentleman was allowed to show his head at these entertainments, though Dr. Ingersoll was permitted to come in the evening, for we staid to supper. Sometimes one or two gentlemen were permitted to follow the Doctor, but Lydia preferred to have the gentlemen save themselves for her whist-parties, which were semi-weekly.

These dinners were great events in Summerfield. The dishes were very new and very delicious, but we ate them with commendable self-respect, and pretended to have eaten them all before.

Lydia enjoyed Dr. Ingersoll very much, and Rose, his only daughter, was her especial favorite. She took much notice of her; drove her frequently in her little carriage; read with her, and did much to add to the very good education the Doctor had given his darling: and one of our most delightful dinners was given by Lydia, on the occasion of the recovery of Rose from a fit of illness, during which, Lydia had nursed her with the greatest affection.

Perhaps we should state that Miss Hedd had requested many of us to call her by her Christian name, before she had been long with us. Among the privileged persons were Dr. Ingersoll and Rose, and, from hearing them so call her, we all followed, when speaking of her.

Lydia received us—the fortunate seven—in a pretty little room looking out on the garden. She had now been with us nearly a year. The lilacs were in full bloom about the cottage, and Rose Ingersoll sat on the sofa, in her sweet white dress, looking beautifully delicate and convalescent. Mrs. Wentworth had arrived. Mrs. Hanson came, in great outward adornment and much manner, with juvenile vivacity and kittenish buoyancy, which hardly fitted her five-and-forty years. She rushed at poor Rose, embraced her violently, called her her dear lily of the valley, her white Rose, and other endearing terms.

'You must *excuse me*, dear Miss Hedd, I am so enthusiastic. I never could contain myself.'

'Heaven forbid that you should, Madam,' said Lydia, in her rough way. 'I always think if people feel so, it is best to let it out.'

The party being complete we went to dinner. We had to descend two steps to the dining-room.

'Here we go, *Hedd* foremost,' said our hostess, who loved a pun.

'Why, no one has fallen!' said Mrs. Stearns, with a frightened air.

We forbear to mention the delicacies which tempted us on that occasion. Women are supposed not to eat; and for fear some budding Byron may read these pages, and find his theory disturbed, we will not refute that belief.

But no one ever believed that women remained silent, so we may narrate the conversation.

'Rose, try these sweetbreads,' said Lydia.

'Ah! that reminds me of poor Mrs. Ames,' said Rose. 'Lydia, you must let Williams carry one of those to poor Mrs. Ames.'

'Yes, Rose, but you must explain it; for you know I have never seen her yet, and I fear it might seem officious.'

Poor Mrs. Ames, indeed. Early in the winter a little Ames had made his appearance in this cold and wicked world, and the young mother had passed a weary winter of illness and trial. Kind Mrs. Wentworth, with her great heart, had been all that she could to the poor stranger, and many other ladies had forgotten aristocracy and Mrs. Pendleton, and watched by her sick bed. But owing to these causes, Miss Hedd had never seen our bone of contention. Rose, too, had been a prisoner nearly all winter, so that Mrs. Ames had one comforter the less.

Mrs. Hanson told us a very romantic but rather improbable story about Mrs. Ames's husband, whom we rarely saw, as he rose early and drove to the rail-road, which was being constructed near Summerfield. She said he was throwing a stone one day out on his works, when a ring came off his finger, and was lost. He showed a great deal of anxiety, and said he would have rather lost five pounds than that ring, and immediately hired an Irishman to look for it.

'Now that shows me that he is English,' said Mrs. Hanson. 'Yankees don't talk about five pounds.'

Mrs. Wentworth said, 'Why shouldn't he be English?' She had never asked Mrs. Ames about herself, for there was a sort of reserve about her that forbade it, but she had no sort of doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Ames were English people, and she almost thought they had run away and been married clandestinely, for she was sure Mr. Ames did not look at all like a working-man, or seem to know much about common life.

'Williams, pour me a glass of wine,' said Miss Hedd, looking distressed.

We all remembered that Dr. Ingersoll's letter had spoken of the ill-conduct of some of Miss Hedd's relatives, and we concluded this remark had caused unpleasant recollections.

She shook them off, as one of the ladies began rallying Rose Ingersoll on the subject of the young rector, who was rather inclined to admire her.

'What a charming tableau you made the other morning, Rose, with Mr. Thurston sitting at the head of your sofa, and your papa looking benignly on,' said Mrs. Wentworth, laughing.

Lydia did not like Mr. Thurston.

'What! Rose Ingersoll! did you allow that Mr. Thurston to sit and talk to you?'

'Yes, Lydia; dear, sentimental Mr. Thurston!' said Rose, for she liked a joke. 'The window was open, and the lilacs peeped in and filled the parlor with fragrance. I reclined on a sofa, looking delicate and interesting. The humming-birds flew about, the very bees sang and buzzed in a loving manner: why should not Mr. Thurston and I join the voices of the season, and sing and buzz of love!'

'Nonsense, Rose. I see you don't care for that silly fellow; but if I ever hear of your talking under any description of lilac-bush, and encouraging stupid young clergymen, I will write to Lord John directly and tell him not to come.

'Did Rose ever tell you of Lord John?' addressing us all.

'Never,' burst from twelve anxious lips.

'Well, Lord John C — is my near relative, and the finest young man in England. He is not only handsome and accomplished, but he is good and great. He entertains the belief that some peerless woman is growing up for him somewhere, and so do I. He is in this country now, and is coming here to see me. If Rose behaves herself, I intend to marry him to her, and raise her to the peerage — but no more flirtations with young clergymen, Rose! I will not stand it!'

Now Lydia had no more idea of marrying Rose to Lord John, than she had idea of marrying him herself. She knew very well that my Lord John's papa would not relish the idea of an unentitled daughter-in-law, and in many a conversation with Rose had she talked of the feeling which existed in England against *mésalliances*. With her it was merely a joke, and she perhaps had a whimsical idea that when she brought these young people together, they *might* inconveniently fall in love, and all this joking of hers would prove Rose's effectual safeguard in case they did.

Fate had provided a more certain heart-armor for Miss Rose than even Miss Lydia had been able to construct, and that was an undefined sentiment of regard which that young lady felt for one Mr. Gordon Lee, a dark-eyed young gentleman, who had passed one of his vacations in Summerfield, and made some use of it, in cultivating the acquaintance of Rose.

They were both extremely young, but that has not always prevented people from being extremely fond of one another; and although no one knew, of course, 'how far' matters had gone, we all married Rose to Gordon Lee, in our imaginations.

Fate, however, interfered once more in Miss Lydia's plans, and sent Dr. Ingersoll and Rose to the sea-side, for the better building-up of the health of the latter. And the first day at dinner, Rose's neighbor pointed out to her Lord John C —, who had come down with a party of young men to the hotel where they were staying.

Dr. Ingersoll immediately made his acquaintance, on the strength of



mutual regard for Miss Lydia. Lord John desired an introduction to his lovely daughter; and very many walks, sails, and talks, was the natural result.

Alas! there was no Lydia, no Gordon Lee present. 'Both were young, and one was beautiful.' Rose was a very attractive girl; she had an American face, with an English figure. It was a combination Lord John had not met with; her grace, her tact, the almost inseparable accompaniments of the independent, self-reliant education she had had, charmed and surprised the young Englishman. He, too, was very agreeable; he was not as handsome as Gordon Lee, so Rose observed to herself, as they returned from a boating party, as the young Lord's healthy English face glowed with the exercise and enjoyment; nor was he *quite* as intellectual: but how manly he was! how athletic, how strong!

One day he brought down his book of drawings to show her. She was astonished to find how accomplished he was; he, so modest, so silent on all that related to himself. She turned over the leaves, one by one, and came to some female heads.

'Why, certainly, this is a picture of some one I have seen! Why, this is Mrs. Ames! No, it cannot be; but how like!'

Lord John turned pale. 'I did not know that was in existence; but whom did you say it resembled?'

'Mrs. Ames; the dearest, sweetest woman; she has lived in Summerfield a year or so, and has been very ill. No one knows her or her husband; that is, no one did. But papa and I, and a Mrs. Wentworth, have been to see her; and her husband came to see papa when they first came to our village; I don't know why, perhaps because he is a clergyman; and I believe he told papa about himself, but papa never would tell.'

'Resemblances are curious sometimes: these were mostly sketches made in Spain;' and Lord John took his portfolio and left the room.

Before the young people parted at the sea-shore, one soft summer twilight, Lord John took his ring from his finger, and showed the design carved on it. It was an arrow transfixing the stem of a rose, and apparently flying through the air with its fragrant prize.

'This is my crest, dear lady; my brave ancestors had to win their roses with more deadly weapons than we are called to use; but I trust we are to be no degenerate ancestors, and that we may win our roses with devotion and love, instead of arrows!'

Rose did not reply; she certainly liked Lord John very much, but did she love him? Did not a pair of dark eyes sometimes come in and destroy the pleasant picture of sailing off to England, and living in a turreted castle, like those she had seen in landscapes?

He took her hand, and gently slipped the ring on it. 'Wear it, at least, dear lady, till we meet again: I shall see you before many weeks. You do not make any promise by consenting to wear it; you will but remember the owner, and this evening, when you see it.'

That evening Lord John had a long interview with Dr. Ingersoll; but there was not one word spoken about Rose.

The first person Rose saw when she reached home was Gordon Lee, the second was Lydia, the third was Mrs. Ames.



Lydia was overwhelmed with confusion, delight, and wonder, at the account of Lord John. Rose was a woman, and therefore quite capable of throwing dust in her (Lydia's) eyes, on the subject of Lord John's admiration; beside, a walk with Gordon Lee had quite convinced her that Lord John's ring must be returned.

Sweet Mrs. Ames was very happy to see her friend, and listened to the account of her visit with pleasure. She had her little son in her arms, and was walking up and down the room with him, while Rose described Lord John, and the remarkable resemblance which that picture of his bore to Mrs. Ames.

'It was fuller than you, Mrs. Ames, and more smiling, and was dressed in a riding-habit; but so like you!'

Mrs. Ames hid her face on the baby's little white shoulder, and walked up and down silently. Rose talked on, admired the baby, and got up to go home. As she shook hands at parting, Mrs. Ames screamed with delight, as she saw Lord John's ring.

'My husband's ring! Where was it found, dear Rose? The very one I gave him before we were married! Poor George! how he sorrowed when he lost it; almost the last relic of happier days! Did that Irishman bring it to you?'

Rose was very much confused. A whole history came out with these words, and she had not time to connect the links, nor did she want to tell the romantic story of the ring. Mrs. Ames looked anxiously at her, never doubting that the ring was the one lost by her husband, and wondering at her confusion.

Rose at length found voice and courage to say: 'Mrs. Ames, this is not yours; it is one that Lord John C. — put on my finger.'

It was now Mrs. Ames's turn to be confused. What had she done? What a dreadful disclosure she had made!

'Rose, dear, you have unfortunately become possessor of a secret: may I depend upon you? Will you keep it secret? You shall know more soon; but, dear Rose, what have I to hear — can it be possible? What strange links bind us all together!'

Rose walked home, bewildered and almost stunned. She was not particularly imaginative, and her mind was very much disturbed with her own affairs. The Ames mystery perplexed her greatly. She walked up to her own little room, and tried to unravel the complicated affair.

The next day, on returning from a walk with Gordon Lee, she ran in to see Lydia, who was sitting in her little parlor, crying.

'O Lydia!' said Rose, 'don't do that, I beg of you! Every body is in trouble; every body is saying and doing strange things, and I came in to see *you*, hoping that *you* at least were all right! Papa is walking up and down in great perturbation; I am walking up and down in great distress; you are crying, and Mrs. Ames —!'

She had nearly forgotten her promise!

'Go home, dear child, go home! I can't tell you any thing, but your papa will!'

Rose walked home; went to her papa's study. There stood Lord John, with his arms around Mrs. Ames!

The Doctor was 'walking up and down,' as Rose had described him, wiping his eyes and working off an immense deal of feeling.

'Come in, Rose,' said Mrs. Ames; 'come in! The days of mysteries are over!'

Lord John disengaged himself, and came forward to receive the lady of his heart.

'Mrs Ames is my sister, dear Miss Ingersoll; and one day she chose to run away with a certain Captain A ——, whom her papa and brother did not approve of. I came to America, partly to learn her fate and to take care of her, if she needed it; but I did not mean to see her. Your few words, when you saw her picture in my port-folio, the compassion which your face expressed, awoke the brother in me so keenly, that I have altered my intention, as you perceive.'

'And you, papa, have known this lady's history from the first?'

'Yes, my dear, and a dreadful time I have had of it; but then it was great comfort to hear the ladies determine not to call on her, on account of her *low birth*!'

'And Lydia?'

'Is Mrs. Ames's aunt; and when she was sent here by that curious fatality which always brings people together who wish to stay apart, I had to tell her that her runaway niece, whose conduct was the reason of her leaving England, was here, in fear some sudden interview might take place and kill them both on the spot!'

'And has Lydia not forgiven her?'

'Hardly. It was a great blow, for I was almost a daughter to her,' said poor, weeping Mrs. Ames.

'Here she comes, up the street!' said the fidgety Doctor, looking from the window.

The kindly Ingersolls left them together, the offended and the offending. Peace was the result. Mrs. Ames had 'given the world for love, and considered it well lost.' Nothing remained for them but to forgive. There was an implacable father still left to appease, but Lord John would be a good mediator; and better than all to the poor wife, they, at her solicitations, forgave her husband.

And how did it fare with Lord John, the good, the generous, the unselfish? As it fares but too often with the good, Lord John was the only one who went away with a heavy heart.

'And how is that happy ring, dear Miss Rose, which I see still on the finger where I placed it?' said Lord John, when evening found them alone together.

Poor Rose had never refused any body; she did not know *how* in the least. She felt as if she were going to faint; but she was a brave, good girl, and seeing now plainly her own heart, and which way it leaned, she only sought to save her kind and noble admirer all the pain she could.

She took the ring off and handed it back to its owner.

'I cannot keep it, Lord John, and I trust I shall not seem coquettish to you. You were the first cultivated man, the first travelled, accomplished man of the world I had ever seen. I was fascinated by that

nameless something which the world gives, and which we rustics have not; and your kindness, your preference for me added a new charm to our intercourse. I should have known from the first, too, how far we are apart, how unfitted I am for the exalted station which you occupy. Your father, he must not be called on to sorrow over *another* unequal marriage !'

Lord John was not at all disconcerted by all this; on the contrary, he was looking very much pleased; and poor Rose found she had not discarded him at all.

'My dear Rose — permit me to use the word — I know all about these matters better than you. You are no *bad match* (to use your own suggestion) for any body. Oh! if any thing about me has touched your heart, if you love me in the least, trust the rest to me! Believe me, I can make it plain and right, and happy for you. I have a conviction so deeply seated that I can make *you* happy, that I beg of you to say that one little word that can make *me* happy.'

Must she then put the truth into *words*, that delicate, unspoken truth which she hardly acknowledged to herself? How could she frame it in *words*? — but she must.

'Dear Lord John, much as I like you, greatly as I admire you, I am afraid I *love* another.'

Lord John did not attempt to refute this argument. It was a great blow to him; for her confusion, her self-depreciation had won him very much, and given him every encouragement. She could not have done it worse; but fortunately he was as straightforward and as generous as she was, and liked her all the better for it *the next day*.

'So Mrs. Ames is the Lady Geraldine C —, whose elopement we all read about two years ago! Ah! truth is stranger than fiction, and the human heart a mysterious thing,' sighed Mrs. Hanson, at the next tea-party.

'I wonder if her brother left her any money?' said Mrs. Stearns.

'He offered himself to Rose Ingersoll,' said Mrs. Wentworth.

'What is title, and wealth, where the heart is unmoved?' put in Mrs. Hanson.

'I think it a good deal,' said Patty Patterson; 'and I suspect the poor little fool will find it out, before Gordon Lee gets ready to marry her.'

Patty was a little older and less handsome than Rose.

'Mrs. Ames looks ten years younger,' said Mrs. Pendleton. 'I went round to advise her about the baby, yesterday.'

'Have *you* been to see her?' said Mrs. Wentworth, laughing.

'Certainly, several times,' said the autocrat, who never made any acknowledgment of defeat, but ignored every thing she did not wish to remember.

Lydia gave a 'ladies' dinner,' shortly after these tremendous events. Mrs. Ames, forgiven and beloved, sat at her right hand; Rose at her left. She liked Rose all the better for having refused Lord John.

Rose and Lydia smiled at the deference and admiration with which even the oldest aristocrat regarded Mrs. Ames.

Dr. Ingersoll arrived to supper. Lydia offered him oysters.

'No,' said he,

'SAVE me from all *eating* cares,  
Wrap me in soft *Lydian* airs.'

'O Doctor! you know you want some supper. I am too old to be taken in by your poetry.'

So the Doctor ate his oysters, and looked about with twinkling eyes, as he saw Mrs. Pendleton herself helping Mrs. Ames to some delicacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Ames, or rather Captain A — and his wife, left Summerfield very soon. Lord John had found something for Captain A — to do more fitted to his education than building railroads. We never saw them again; for the unforgiving father, having been called away to account for his own deeds, they went home to England, where they remained.

Lydia went with them, to the life-long regret of Summerfield. She kept up a vigorous correspondence with Rose, who waited patiently for her Gordon, and at length married him, when his profession was promising, and his political prospects (then the great hope and interest of all young Americans of talent) were high. He got to be this and that in the state, all of which pleased Rose much better than if she had married a man of rank, and been borne down

'WITH the burden of an honor,  
Unto which she was not born.'

At last came a letter from Lydia, telling Rose of the marriage of Lord John (now Lord C —) to a lady of rank and fortune. Lydia said she was all they could wish, and her dear nephew was very happy.

'Now, dear Rose,' she wrote, 'I am getting old, and I want to see you before I die. Your old friend, Lord C —, and Lady C — both wish me to ask you and your husband to spend the summer in England, at his house, where I, a shadow, flit about at twilight, but keep out of the sunlight, as all ghosts do. Come, dear Rose, and gladden your old friend's heart. Geraldine, too, is within a morning's drive, and longs to see you.'

Mr. and Mrs. Lee found it agreeable to themselves to accept this invitation; and Rose, who had lost her dear old father, thought with tearful eyes of Lydia, who had been, next to him, the best friend of her youth.

When Lord John gave Rose his arm, at the entrance of his stately house, he looked with surprise at her now perfected beauty.

'I think I shall not be ashamed to present my transatlantic friend to Lady C —!' he whispered to Rose.

They found Lady C — handsome and charming. Secure in her lofty lineage and position, and in her own natural gifts, she felt no annoyance at her husband's admiration for the beautiful American; but cordially assisted him to amuse his guests.

They drove over the beautiful country. They looked at ruins hallowed by story. They breathed the healthful air. They enjoyed that perfection of liberty, of hospitality — an English country-house. They saw a delightful party of people gathered together in Lord C ——'s house, walking, driving, talking, when they pleased; and acknowledged that social life in England was far more perfect than social life in America. But a strong spirit animated them both — to return and do what *they could* to improve their own dear land.

How proud and gratified was Rose, when she heard Gordon talking very well at dinner, in presence, too, of some of the best men of England. He was giving a rapid but graphic picture of the immense possibilities of America. He painted in few but glowing words her silver net-work of rivers, joining her scattered fragments in imperishable union. The wealth, which poured like Danaë's shower into the hands of her hard-working people — the splendid pedestal which Industry and Energy were building, on which would some day rest the proud achievements of immortal Art.

Rose stole a furtive glance at Lord C —— . He was looking at her with a world of meaning in his eyes. He smiled slightly, and gave her a little nod.

SUMMERFIELD has connections now with the nobility. We speak often of our titled friends. Lydia is always mentioned as 'the Honorable Miss Hedd;' and we respect Rose very much more, that she might have been 'My Lady.' Occasionally, some lady, more intrepid than the rest, gets up several side-dishes, with infinite labor and pains, and we have a 'ladies' dinner.'

#### A R U R A L S K E T C H .

##### I.

By the little gate, beloved, out by the little gate,  
I lean, and listen for thy footfall: listen, watch, and wait:  
The golden light fades in the west, a shade comes o'er the sky,  
The dew-drop gathers on the leaf, the tear-drop fills my eye.

##### II.

Deep darkness drapes the valley round, and rests upon the hill,  
The stars gaze at me mockingly, yet am I waiting still;  
Waiting, praying, all for thee; dreaming of the days gone by:  
The while, each breeze thy herald seems, and whispers thou art nigh.

##### III.

A light, a soft, pale, silv'ry light, o'erspreads yon mountain brow;  
The cold moon comes, the stars grow pale: where, wanderer, loiterest thou?  
Hark! to the step I know so well! — beloved, thou lingerest not;  
Be still, my poor, impatient heart, *thou art not quite forgot.*

M. B.

## T H E   D E A T H   O F   T H E   Y E A R .

BY FRANCIS DEHAES JANVIER.

Feeble, and faint, and grim, and gray,  
In his last dark hour the Old Year lay;  
And heavily came his parting breath,  
And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death.

Yet a few months past, when the Spring-time smiled,  
This gray Old Year was a merry child;  
And he rivalled the lark, as it cleft the air,  
And twined bright buds with his golden hair.

Then the Summer came, and the buds were flowers,  
And the nightingale sang in the blooming bowers;  
And a pensive youth, he loved the night,  
And the silent stars, and the pale moonlight.

Still the months rolled by, and the Autumn now  
Gave its golden fruit from each bending bough;  
And, with mind mature, he had reached at length,  
The full perfection of manly strength.

But the leaves grew sear, and the Autumn past,  
And the tall trees bent to the wintry blast,  
And the days wore on, and the end drew nigh,  
And the weary Old Year lay down to die.

Feeble, and faint, and grim, and gray,  
In his last dark hour the Old Year lay;  
And heavily came his parting breath,  
And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death.

Yet not alone, for Old Time stood there,  
He watched at his side with paternal care;  
And he gazed on the glass in his withered hand,  
And jealously counted each ebbing sand.

Nay, not alone, for a company vast,  
The shades of the numberless years of the past,  
Encircled the couch where the dying year lay,  
And mournfully beckoned his spirit away.

Then sullenly tolled from a crumbling tower  
The solemn strokes of the midnight hour;  
And the ghost of the gray Old Year was free,  
With the shadowy past, in eternity!



## CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND was born in Philadelphia on the fifteenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four. His every-day life has doubtless been that which characterizes our unromantic age; and as with most intellectual men, marked rather by the gradual development of his ideas than by the astonishing strokes of his fortune. Mr. Leland passed through an honorable collegiate career at Princeton, and graduated in the year eighteen hundred and forty-five. Immediately after taking his first degree, he embarked for Europe, and passed the flower of his youth, like a scholar of the middle age, either in wandering from one great university to another, pursuing various courses of study at his different resting-places, or in gathering that peculiar knowledge of men and things which comes only from the changing scenes of travel. Such a life must have been strictly in accordance with Mr. Leland's tastes; and by the longing looks which he sometimes casts behind him, we should infer that he abandoned his student-life with no common regret. After some years, however, he returned to America, adopted the profession of the law, which he soon abandoned for the more genial pursuits of literature. With whatever success Mr. Leland's career in the law might have been attended, we are of the opinion that he chose wisely; for nature designed him rather as a curious scholar, and a skilful literary teacher, than as an ordinary legal drudge.

The American who adopts literature as a profession, can certainly be influenced by no sordid motives. He must look to the exercise of his art as the only recompense for his labor. There is no country under the sun, as far advanced in civilization, in which literary reward, both in fame and pay, is so slight as in America. The reasons for such a state of things lie all around us, and are too obvious to need more than a passing remark. As our literature offers few inducements either to ambition or to avarice, the vocation of the writer has sunk so low, in the estimation of a people morbidly addicted to both these passions, that a professed literary man is looked upon with the same pitying contempt that humanity gives to the strolling mendicant. Indeed the profession of the writer is considered to be no profession whatever; and the man who has the hardihood to utter a volume, is glad to shelter himself from the jeers of his friends behind his law-books, or his vials, or his merchandise, or his completed fortune, and there blush for the hapless venture of his wits. It is in vain to point, by way of extenuation, to certain Americans who have gained both reputation and money by their writings, while the country really affords no such thing as a distinct class of literary men. Apart from the editors of newspapers, where shall we find a body of men, however innumerable, who earn their daily bread by the pen alone? Summon a meeting of American authors, and whence do they come? Bryant drops the editorial paste and scissors, Longfellow rises from the professor's chair, Prescott and

Bancroft issue from their drawing-rooms; some bounce up from lawyers' desks, others leap down from merchants' stools, or appear in the robes of the priest, or in the apron of the mechanic; but nowhere can we recognize one who bears about him those unmistakable marks of his calling by which a literary man is so easily distinguished in France or Germany, or even in money-loving England. If we might by accident light upon any one incautious enough to declare himself a professed *litterateur*, the distinctive badge of his occupation would probably be a thread-bare coat, or a shirtless back, or any other strong mark of peripatetic pauperism; instead of the neat array of the well-dressed, full-bearded, opera-going gentleman, of London or Paris, who drives his brougham down to a publisher's shop, and exchanges his intellectual wealth for the coarser necessities that are represented by gold and silver. We have no desire to sneer at the few miserable types of American authorhood, whose inner and outer wealth contrast so strangely; on the contrary, we are filled with shame and indignation at their deplorable condition, and at the legislative stupidity that offers them up as victims to the niggardly reprinters of a rival literature. We only state facts which no spectator can deny. The remedy lies upon the very face of the evil. But while this indiscriminate reproduction of modern English literature is thrust upon us — as that which must and shall form the staple of our reading — all hopes of literary dignity, and of literary nationality, may as well be abandoned in America. Why this should be allowed is a mystery to us. Why Americans should tamely imbibe the very essence of aristocratic ideas; ideas which we assume to regard as exploded — rather than encourage a new growth of republican letters, is only to be accounted for by supposing our intellects to be still under British servitude, and desperately in need of a second declaration of mental independence.

The previous remarks have naturally occurred to us, while turning over the critical and miscellaneous works of the author who forms the subject of this article. His writings, which cover a large circle of literature, from the most abstruse philosophical criticism, to the lightest essays and the most dashing poems, are of striking originality both in form and in spirit. If we were called upon to give a list of authors whose works least resemble any of the present generation, Mr. Leland's name would certainly stand among the first. The wonderful amount and variety of his learning, and the facility with which he uses it on all occasions, and for all purposes, belong to a race of writers whose last genuine type departed with the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' This class has afforded but very few specimens. The fathers of the style were Rabelais in France, and Burton in England. Between their time and Southey's, a period of nigh three centuries, scarcely a name of any distinction can be mentioned. Those who won reputation in the Rabelaisan field were, at the best, but mere imitators of their great master. Burton himself had too much of the Classic, and too little of the Gothic element in his composition, to stamp him as a true disciple; while Southey's 'Doctor,' in spite of his ostentatious display of learning, was evidently written by one who assumed a style, for the nonce, to which he was not accustomed, and it therefore lacked

that easy genialty which vivifies the works of Rabelais, and draws the distinctive line between originality and imitation. Southey, as we all know, could and naturally did write in a widely different manner; but Rabelais could not. His learning flowed forth as spontaneously as his exhaustless humor; it was the *sine qua non* of his style, and to deny him that, would have been to deny him a language. The latter case is also Mr. Leland's. In his serious essays he piles authority upon authority, quotation upon quotation—from all times, and from all languages—until the reader fairly staggers under a weight of recondite arguments, tossed into his mind with an ease and a prodigal profusion that is absolutely astounding. Even in his poems and light sketches, we are struck, on close scrutiny, with the strange and unusual knowledge that shines through them, and peers from every corner, in grotesque contrast to the main design, like the purgatorial heads that startle us amid the airy graces of a Gothic building. A love-song may be founded upon a Neo-Platonic idea, or treated after the manner of the Minnisinger or the Troubadour. A squib at some modern superstition may be written with the simple faith of Doctor John Dee; or traced back through the wild beliefs of ancient middle Germany; through the Cabala, the Talmud, the mysteries of Egypt—until it vanishes among the fragments of early Sanscrit literature. So wide a sweep of knowledge, gathered both from the study of books and the observation of travel, is possessed by no living writer of our language. It was said of one of the Schlegels, that he could read any thing, from Plato to a primer; such must be the adaptability of Mr. Leland's mind. How a man, under thirty-three years of age, has managed to make his brain the store-house for every system of philosophy and of art that has ever been broached; from Confucius to Kant, from the occult dreams of Agrippa to the dogmatic materialism of Helvetius; has heaped upon this an accurate acquaintance with most languages that possess a literature; and not content even here, has busied himself with the most varied and incongruous courses of reading, in rare and obscure books—is to us a matter of profound wonderment. Certain mental qualifications for such labor Mr. Leland indeed possesses, in a perfection seldom allotted to man. An insatiable thirst for knowledge, a memory that never errs or fails, a power of enduring any amount of scholarly exertion, a subtle quickness of perception and appropriation, joined to an intellect of great logical soundness, and of strong originality in the direction of its efforts; these natural gifts form the chief means of his vast acquisitions. The writer of this article has often come upon Mr. Leland in the midst of his studies, and seen, with astonishment, the almost incredible speed with which he passes through a book. While even rapid students would be skimming over a few chapters, Mr. Leland would make himself master of the volume; and that too, not in the superficial manner usual with hasty readers, but in the complete, well-digested and systematic style of one who reads with a settled purpose. This is a curious fact, and worthy of more consideration than we can give it at present. After some of his swiftest lectional efforts, with volumes familiar to us, we have put him through a rigid examination, not only on ideas, but on minute points of style;

and to our surprise we have found him perfectly at home with both ; nor have we ever found reason to differ from him in his estimation of an author thus summarily disposed of. A reader with a glance so detective, has evident advantages over the ordinary gleaner from books. He has in his possession an intellectual fan, that winnows off the chaff which is present in the best of human works, and leaves the solid grain upon which he can feed at his leisure. No one who has pursued laborious investigations in any department of literature, need be told of the value of such a power ; for hours of precious time, better given to recuperative rest, are always wasted in discovering the perfect uselessness of masses of printed lumber, with most professing title-pages, but most insufficient interiors. There are hypocrites among books, as among men ; and the student is as apt to be deceived with specious promises in the library, as in the world.

Among the multifarious writings of Mr. Leland, none have impressed us more than his criticisms. These essays are the first in the English language, that have embodied any thing like a universal system of criticism in art. This system is wider than the title implies ; for under the head of art, Mr. Leland includes all works of the imagination — whether poetry, painting, sculpture, or music — regarding them all as but different methods for expressing the same family of ideas. It may perhaps startle the reader, that we claim this to be the only philosophical system of criticism. Our claim is nevertheless just ; and we defy any man to point to another, that wears the semblance of a system, adapted to all the phases of art that ever have occurred, or that ever can occur. Without meeting these requirements, there can be no philosophy, in the highest sense of the term.

To man there are but two kinds of absolute truth : namely, that which comes from HEAVEN, and that which arises from his own reason. Facts — the much-prized phenomena of science — are the shadowy forms of higher truth, often the stumbling-blocks on the way to it ; and without that knowledge of their laws which comes through reason, they are mere dead things, mysterious in their workings, and ungovernable in their effects. Truth in art, as in nature, is eternal ; and that which conforms not to its laws shall perish from the face of the earth. To say that genius in its creations works without laws, is a kind of secondary atheism, that denies a link in the logical chain, and therefore cannot argue backwards from the thing created to its CREATOR. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than such an assertion. It is the starting-point of that absurd notion, now happily exploded, which made Shakspeare a sort of inspired idiot, writing his deathless works in a state of semi-consciousness ; as the birds sing, without an idea of their real value. A notion that denied to him even the shallow brains of his commentators, nay, reason itself, and substituted for his towering and omnipresent intellect — an intellect whose careful and artistic working is visible in every phrase of his writings — some blind mental force, that never revealed itself before or since in man.

It is not our purpose to enter into an exposition of Mr. Leland's system of philosophical criticism. The declaration that such a system has been promulgated, is sufficient honor to its author. The need of it

is too clearly illustrated by the sad work of the pseudo-critics around us. For what, after all, is modern criticism? A mere matter of taste. And what is taste, according to the general opinion? Taste is a subtle, airy spirit, dwelling in a mental limbo, without laws and without reason — a thing about which, to use a vulgar proverb, there is no disputing; a thing that melts in the grasp of thought, and must be felt, not seen; a thing that sojourns with certain favored organizations, as Cupid with Psyche, to fly for ever at the first ray of the intellectual lamp! Does this sound like manly philosophy, or like girlish sentiment? And what can taste do for the world, when it applies its invisible powers to criticism? In poetry it asks you to admire, because the critic chooses to print certain passages in italics; or to condemn, because he follows other passages with one, two, or three derisive exclamation marks, according to the intensity of his passion: or because he calls this '*true*,' that '*beautiful*,' this '*false*,' that '*hideous*,' without being able to give us a hint of the process by which he arrived at his conclusions. Critical taste is the thing that starved Otway, starved Chatterton, starved Tobin, starved Sheridan, starved Haydon, and will starve a host of others; that sneered at Byron for a day, and at Wordsworth for years; that abused Coleridge into notice, and Keats into his grave; that bought the '*Paradise Lost*' at ten pounds sterling, and partially discovered Shakspeare's greatness some two centuries after his death. These are the works of taste and by its works it should be judged. It has been the absence of such a system as Mr. Leland's, or rather of any system, that has led taste to commit such frightful blunders, both in its judgments and in its predictions. The reasons for this state of things are obvious. Heretofore, the critics who employed their boasted taste upon contemporary authors, have either mistaken caprice for justice, or have been biased in their conclusions by personal or political prejudices; or, as is oftener the case, they have mistaken their own blindness for another man's deficiency, and denied him merit, not because it did not exist, but simply because they could not see it. That the instinctive perceptions of mankind have finally awarded to men of genius their dues, is no argument in favor of popular criticism. Even now it would puzzle nine-tenths of our critics to give satisfactory reasons for their hackneyed admiration of Shakspeare, '*child of nature*,' as they call him. '*Child of nature!*' a grosser delusion never existed. Shakspeare was, if ever man was, the very highest type of an artistic mind; and that he worked as nature works, and affects us as nature affects us, is the very top and crown of his glory as an artist.

Why the world has so long tacitly submitted to the decisions of critics, who had no reasons to offer for their lawless judgments, can only be accounted for by remembering the awful mystery which has enveloped the word '*taste*.' Mankind, like pious heathens, have been content with hearing the answers from this oracle, without questioning it with regard to the sources of its knowledge. The usual formula for the construction of a piece of criticism, may be given in very few words. Let us take, for example, a literary critique of the favorable kind. '*Mr. A. — is a great poet; instance this passage and that passage from his writings; and if you do not understand these disjointed scraps*

of verse, buy his book, and convince yourselves.' But the reader may ask, why is Mr. A — a great poet? And if the quotations be given as answer, why are the quotations — admitting their beauty — beautiful? Let us reach the ultimate reason, and be satisfied; or acknowledge our ignorance and be silent. If the above skeleton of a modern critique be not fair, we have read reviews, for the last twenty years, to no purpose. Of course our remarks apply only to criticisms on art. In historical criticism the English mind appears to be deep enough; for there it has facts to deal with, and facts are its darlings; but let it once touch upon principles, and it flounders about like an elephant in a quag-mire. To show the glaring injustice of this kind of criticism, it need only be mentioned that those identical passages of Wordsworth's poetry which are now regarded as among his best, were, in the early years of the poet's career, quoted as evidences of his deficiency — quoted with contemptuous pity — that too by the *'Edinburgh Review'*, and by no less a critic than Francis Jeffrey. Take the whole round of celebrated critics, from Addison to Macaulay, and upon subjects of art to what does their criticism amount? Addison praises the *'Paradise Lost'*, and cites some of its glorious lines as proofs of his correctness. We agree; they are beautiful; no man can deny it — but why? Macaulay holds up to ridicule a wretched pretender, by the name of Robert Montgomery. Every stinging epithet in the reviewer's terrible armory is launched against poor Robert's devoted head. This is *'vile'*, that *'odious'*, and Mr. Montgomery is an ass, an ass beyond reclamation, but why? Shall not the dictum of some future Addison or Macaulay reverse these decisions, and give Milton the ears and Montgomery the crown? If taste really have no laws, why may not the thing be done? If taste be the ultimate tribunal of literary justice, should not taste be limited by constitutional truths? And if we look more closely into the matter, shall we not find them? We shall: and we shall also find that taste is no airy nothing; no invisible sylph, shrinking coyly from the eye of reason; but a great, brawny, blind giant, that only needs to have his eyes opened, and his forces educated, to make him a most useful drudge in the intellectual work-shop. Because the laws of taste, with a thousand other mental phenomena, have remained in darkness so long, is no reason for their non-existence, and no impediment to the investigations of a philosophical mind.

We are aware that, in the course of this article, we have made some startling assertions. We have declared that nothing like philosophical criticism on art exists in the English language, and we have defied our readers to show it. We repeat the challenge. We have maintained that taste — true taste — has laws as fixed and unavoidable as those which control the universe. We repeat it; and we claim, as one of their chief promulgators, a young American, whose name we would rank with those of Tiersch, Hegel, Vischer, Schelling, and other German adventurers in the new field of æsthetics. That Mr. Leland's papers on art have not attracted the attention which they deserve, speaks volumes for the position which we have maintained regarding the popular ignorance on this subject. We do not pretend to say that researches so deep as his could, by any artifice, be made popular, for



the same reason that so few can appreciate the value of any philosophy. A full understanding of his system, would require labor akin to that by which the author developed it, and a mind of almost equal philosophical clearness. Few are capable of such labor; few such minds as his exist. Owing to the general distaste for hard thinking, Mr. Leland's papers were brought to an abrupt conclusion before he had entirely developed his system; but enough was given to show that it is a system, in the full sense of the word, and that in hands such as his all the vague and perplexing questions of taste, that have so mystified the world, may be brought under determinate and harmonious laws, capable of settling all possible doubts, and of predicting all possible contingencies. In short, Mr. Leland has announced criticism to be a philosophy. If he had gone no farther, he would have done much; for that simple announcement is of a kind to set thoughtful heads to work. He has gone farther, however. He has classified and arranged certain æsthetic ideas under their proper heads, he has applied these ideas to particular subjects, and he has thus shown the practical workings of his system. In these pursuits, absolute truth, unbiased by self-glorification, appears to have been Mr. Leland's aim. All his positions are arrived at through courses of the clearest logic. In starting with his theory, he seems to have said to himself: 'If my system will not bear the cold, dry light of reason, let it fall: I shall be the first to rejoice over the destruction of my error.' In consequence of this resolution, he weighs every thing, for and against his theory, and adopts no new idea without first subjecting it to the most rigid scrutiny. That a course so honest should everywhere be marked with the triumph of success, must be grateful to all investigators of truth. We hope yet to see the day when Mr. Leland's system of æsthetics shall take its rank among the other sciences, and be taught to the world as they are taught. If our efforts may draw the attention of minds capable of following our author through the intricacies of his system, or of projecting it forward in the line of original research, we shall confer a bounty of which we may one day be partakers.

Mr. Leland's employment among abstract questions of criticism, instead of among such pursuits as usually engross the critic, has been a positive blessing to the small artists and authors of the land. If such a mind as his could stoop to minute individual criticism, after the modern method, and bend its enormous learning upon the defects and the plagiarisms of his contemporaries, we should see the Parnassian feathers fly, and hear such despairing groans as would astonish the merciful, and raise Mr. Leland's name to that terrific kind of elevation which seems to be so coveted by the entire race of critics. But his philosophy is of a milder and more rational character. It busies itself in rescuing from oblivion that which is worthy of preservation, certain that no human effort can preserve the worthless, and content that time shall perform the office which violent critics so often usurp. The few individual criticisms which Mr. Leland has written, are all of this generous disposition; and while they touch lightly on faults, they evidence a delicate sensibility to beauties, and an honest and unenvious appreciation of them, that speak well for his kindness of heart, and go far toward redeeming

criticism from the reproaches which have been cast against it. A few more such writers would raise the dignity of critical art, and make it the artist's welcome guest, instead of his perpetual king of terrors.

The most successful authors, in a pecuniary point of view, have been those whose intellects rose but little above the common level, yet who joined to their moderate powers a capacity for perceiving and flattering the temporary taste, both in its predominant ideas and in its whimsical fancies of style. With but few exceptions, the classical authors of our age were the neglected authors of their own ; while contemporary with them, flourished a set of now-forgotten writers who won the deserts of true genius by their time-serving productions. If we turn back to the age of Queen Ann, for example, we shall find that the artificial — that which characterized the period — was the main element in the works of its once popular authors. Patches, paint, and periwigs are as visible in its books as in its portraits. These things have passed away ; and the few authors who survive the downfall of such fashions are those who, in a measure, escaped their infection. The artificial, however, is not the leading feature of our time. Our reverence for Shakspeare is an infallible evidence of our return to nature. Nature and fashion, these are the two undying antagonists in art ; but the triumphs of the former are more enduring than those of the latter, and the author who reposes confidence in nature is sure of his reward.

Mr. Leland's miscellaneous writings are of this genuine character. Without humoring, they hit the spirit of our age, and deserve its best attention. If we must consign his critical writings to the 'fit audience, though few,' for whom they were probably intended, there is no reason why we should not predict a brilliant success for his lighter essays, when they come before the public in the enduring form which they merit. Mr. Leland is a marvellously industrious writer, and his miscellaneous productions are as varied as they are voluminous. He has made translations of popular songs, ballads, and minor poems from almost all the languages of ancient and modern Europe. From the French of all *patois*, and from the *Langue d'Oc* and the *Langue d'Oil* of the Troubadour and the Trouvere ; from the German of Göthe, Schiller, and Heine ; from the most obscure and corrupted German of the provinces, and from the German of the '*Nibelungen Lied*,' and of the Minnesingers ; from Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Russ, Polish, Bohemian, and Hungarian ; from the Italian of Tuscany, and from the Venitian and other dialects ; from the Horatian Latin, from Monk-Latin, from the Latin of the rhyming versifiers, and from the Latin of the Macaronic poets. Here is enough, in all conscience, when we consider that these translations were carefully executed, and, as we have been informed, are strikingly after the spirit of the originals. His latest and most important effort of this kind is a translation of the '*Reisebilder*,' or 'Pictures of Travel,' of Heine, already noticed in our pages. Heine, as every one knows, is the literary idol of young Germany. His free mode of thought in religion, politics, morals, and criticism, has won him a host of admirers among a nation who are thirsting for liberty in any form, and who eagerly grasp at the shadow if the substance be denied them. Apart from the liberal tendencies of Heine, which he possesses

in common with his more enlightened countrymen, no one can deny his transcendent genius. Among the more sedate and orderly lights of German literature, he blazes like a wild and erratic meteor. A poet, a humorist, a wit, a satirist, a critic, a scholar, in the highest sense of all these terms; his is a genius the like of which Germany has not seen since Göthe, and in all his fulness may never see again. To the translation of this remarkable author, Mr. Leland brings as remarkable qualifications, and faithfully has he performed his task. The common faults of translators are, that they are either so literal as to preserve the dead form of their original, in all its strange wrappings of foreign idioms, while the subtler spirit escapes, or so free as to endeavor to make the spirit manifest without the intervention of its visible form. Mr. Leland has steered a middle course between these two extremes. Both the form and essence of Heine are preserved in his translation; but without resorting to the aid of German idioms to convey ideas which can be more truthfully reproduced in our own. We shall not be guilty of the presumption of pronouncing authoritatively on the merits of Mr. Leland's translation as a translation. To do that, is to set up the claim of an equal knowledge of both languages. There are, doubtless, many who, with not half our German, or a tithe of Mr. Leland's, will write pages upon the subject. All that we wish to say is, that the 'Pictures of Travel,' in its English dress, is a delightful volume, and deserving of the widest popularity.

But Mr. Leland has done even more, in the way of original writing, than in translation. Of his poems, in various foreign languages, we may be pardoned for withholding our judgment. His fugitive English poems, many of which have appeared without his name, have been copied by half the newspapers in the land, and not without meriting this popular form of circulation. Although he places little store on his poems, they have qualities that cannot fail to impress the reader, and secure for them a more lasting fame than many efforts of more pretension. Some of them are singularly tender, musical, and suggestive; others are edged with a spirit of delicate irony; and others break out into a shout of wild, grotesque, fun-abandoned humor, that leaves with the reader a feeling of perplexed strangeness, akin to that which might be produced by the sallies of a jocular but harmless devil.

Among Mr. Leland's contributions to periodical literature, our readers must remember that charming series of sketches, which appeared from time to time in the pages of a contemporary, embodying, in a popular form, various legends of the great painters. In them Mr. Leland's accurate knowledge of the history of art is concealed so skilfully under the simple legendary style, that while we enjoy the fruits of his learning, we scarcely remember the deep and hidden roots that must exist to nourish his fancies, and make their production seem so easy and natural. The veil of romance with which he has invested his heroes, destroys none of their individuality, nor has it been allowed to obscure any of the more instructive truths of their lives.

We have felt some twinge of modesty in speaking as we have, of an author, the bulk of whose writings have graced our pages; not because we hope to secure even a part of the honor that is due to him, but be-

cause our motives may be misunderstood. It is our opinion, however that nothing more becomes a man than to speak well of his friends, provided he speak honestly, as we trust we have spoken. Under the quaint title of the 'Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl,' Mr. Leland has produced a series of articles unlike any thing under heaven since the five books of Pantagruel. In Mr. Leland's work, as in Rabelais's, there is the same extraordinary display of universal learning, the same minute exactness of quotation, the same extravagant spirit of fun, the same capricious and provoking love of digression, the same upsetting of admitted ideas, by which trifles are seriously descanted upon, and bolstered up with endless authorities, until they expand into gigantic proportions, while time-honored truths are shuffled by with the most whimsical contempt. In his manner of literary treatment, Mr. Leland certainly resembles Rabelais; they both smother their subject under a strange compound of learning and humor, but here the resemblance ends. Mr. Leland has a humor and a philosophy of his own, and the subjects upon which he exercises them are peculiar to himself.

'Meister Karl' starts with the reader upon an imaginary tour through Europe; but such a *voyage en zig-zag* mortal never took before. Time and space are nothing to our author. The boundaries between the real and the spiritual are completely broken down. The Rome of Pope Pius, and the Rome of Julius Cæsar, are the same thing to 'Meister Karl.' He is as much at home with gnomes and sylphs as with gentlemen and ladies. He flatters Cleopatra and Ninon de Lenclos in the same breath. Now he is before the terrible *Vehmgericht* of Westphalia, and now before the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of Paris. Now he is trampling behind the returning Crusaders, or joining in the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*, or marching into Worms with Luther and Van Hutten, or heading a Lola Montez riot in Munich. Sometimes we find him dreaming away a day in old Provence, or swinging in a gondola on the Grand Canal of Venice, or putting to sea with the furious Berserkers, or holding an ethical dialogue with the Devil, upon the summit of Strasbourg Cathedral. To give a tithe of the subjects that employ 'Meister Karl's' attention would be a labor beyond our power and understanding. Intermixed with his curious scenes are innumerable dissertations, legends, songs, etc., on the most incongruous subjects, and in styles that baffle description. Quips, cranks, and puns of all kinds, and in all languages, fly around us like hail-stones, and pelt us until human endurance can go no farther. Then, in the midst of his wildest mirth, our author will sail off in a poetical rhapsody on Undines, Fays, and fresh-water spirits in general; and having gotten below the surface of things, he will burrow through the land, among elves and Robolds, and Salamanders; and perhaps emerge again into this 'week-day world' under the very feet of some frail nymph who dwells within sound of the bells of *Notre Dame de Lorette*.

When we started with 'Meister Karl,' we hoped to give an intelligible account of his 'Sketch-Book;' but it grows upon our hands to such an alarming extent, that we must either drop it or elbow our contributors out of our company. A few words in conclusion, however. To some people the 'Sketch-Book' will be an impenetrable mystery, and they

will hide their ignorance in silence ; others, with honest wonder, will inquire its meaning. To them we reply, there is no meaning for you. To enjoy writings of this kind requires more than homœopathic doses of Pantagruelism ; and we recommend you to Doctor Francis Rabelais and his copious prescriptions. The envious will raise the old cry of 'pedantry.' But that is a cry which ignorance always raises against learning. Real scholarship no more resembles pedantry, than vulgar assumption resembles true dignity. Mr. Leland is no pretender to learning. He moves under his scholarship as a strong man under a familiar garment. He heaps his curious authorities upon his ideas, because his ideas come to him in that form, and must depart as they came, or lose strength by the change. With him literal quotation is a point of honesty ; and we deem a man worthy of all praise who, having the temptation to plagiarise that is given by his immense acquisitions, prefers rather to show the sources of his knowledge than to use it deceptively. If Mr. Leland's genius did not outweigh his acquirements, we might rest his claims to notice upon the latter grounds ; but such is not the case. Throughout the 'Sketch-Book' the initiated reader — we use the word in the Rosicrucian sense — will detect a world-wide philosophy that sets him to thinking in the midst of his most boisterous merriment, and a satirical humor of great breadth and richness, as far removed from the misanthropic satire of modern wits, as from the gross coarseness which we pardon in Rabelais. To sugar over vice, in order to make it palatable to children, is a device of our times, particularly rife with writers of fiction. No one is more fond of balancing our vices against our virtues, to show the hollowness of the best of us, than Mr. Leland. It is a part of his curious cosmopolitan philosophy so to do. He frequently introduces us into society and among scenes that are unfit for delicate stomachs ; but we question if any of them are worse than those secret thoughts of the purest minds, from which all shrink, and which none confess. This is the age of modest vice and of boastful virtue : let it be reversed, in HEAVEN'S name, even if we crown the one and trample upon the other. In some passages of the 'Sketch-Book,' sheer devilry undoubtedly gets the upper hand ; yet it is a candid spirit of wickedness, that does not steal into your company, like some of the smooth literary libertines of our day, who pick your moral pocket of its best virtues before you suspect the presence of a thief. It never hurts one to look sin full in the face ; it is the oblique, furtive glance that kills.

We hope soon to see at least a partial collection of Mr. Leland's writings in a permanent form. The 'Sketch-Book' is now in course of publication by Parry and McMillan, of Philadelphia. The critical essays, above all, are worthy of completion and preservation ; for we believe them to be the first struggles of a system of philosophical criticism that will one day revolutionize our antiquated ideas of art and literature. If we have offended the sensibilities of any, who wag as the world wags, by our encomiums upon our contributor, we beg them to remember that we are proud to bestow upon true genius, however untitled, that which they squander so lavishly upon ephemeral notoriety ; and we foresee the day when they will be as eager to join in our opinion, as we now are to express it.

## L I N E S

TO THE LONE TREE NEAR 'CHANGE, WALL-STREET.

— 'Finds tongues in trees.' — SHAKESPEARE.

## I.

YOUR race has a tongue, so the poet declares,  
 And thousands would fain hear what yours has to say  
 Of the ups and the downs, of the pitfalls and snares,  
 Nobs, nabobs, and snobs of King MAMMON'S highway.

## II.

Doubtless older in years than your looks would imply,  
 You might tell us, perhaps, of those Netherland chaps,  
 Who first taught the Red Men beneath your green sky,  
 What virtue lies hid in deep pottles of schnapps.

## III.

And we make not a doubt that your noddle is full  
 Of the long-after scenes of that family strife,  
 When hereabout swaggered and swore GAFFER BULL  
 He would thrash his bold brats 'hin an hinch' of their life.

## IV.

No matter, howbeit, for legends like these,  
 Of the 'goners' erst met here for frolic or fray;  
 But speak of the Bulls and the Bears, if you please,  
 Blue Mondays, Lame-Ducks, and Black Sheep of to-day.

## V.

Pray tell us what schemes are now buzzing on 'Change,  
 A rail-road direct via VENUS to MARS?  
 Or, to startle the quidnuncs with something more strange,  
 A telegraph line to the outermost stars.

## VI.

What's scrip in the Grand-Moonshine-Bottling-Concern  
 Which the New-York Gas Journal so stoutly commends?  
 And that Yankee's Self-Acting-Empyrial-Churn —  
 Will it 'take,' up aloft, with our Milky-Way friends?

## VII.

And what are your views of the Nonpareil Co.  
 For insuring asbestos and icebergs 'gainst fire?  
 Or that other, just formed, to make fire-bricks from snow:  
 And ropes out of sand, ten times tougher than wire?

## VIII.

The rise of the Grand-Diamond-Company's shares,  
 Like the sun in his glory, all croaking contemns:  
 Do you really think that the secret is theirs  
 Of hocusing dew-drops to first-water gems?



## IX.

The maps are all drawn, and the dead-walls will soon  
 In a fresh crop of lithograph lichens lie hid:  
 'Honolulu town-lots!' 'villa sites in the Moon!'  
 'By FLAM, SHAM & Co!'—shall we venture a bid?

## X.

What! never a puff for the golden-hued dreams,  
 With which Fancy her credulous children beguiles?  
 Not an ah! not an oh! for the merciless schemes  
 Of Gotham's APOLLYON, SCHUYLERS and KYLES?

## XI.

No wonder you stand there all mute with amaze,  
 At the brass with which craft sports with fortune and fame:  
 Faith, should STENTOR himself see 'the street' in our days,  
 His voice would *collapse to a whisper* for shame!

New-York, 1856.

W. P. P.

## THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON STRONGBOW.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

THE high and mighty grandee of Bullscrown had, as was stated in the very first sentence of this history, wives two—and very comely dames were they. Truly, the round moon, surveying at twelve o'clock P.M. from her advantageous stand-point so much of the surface of the earth as the spheroidal form of the latter permitted, to wit, one-half thereof, beheld no spectacle in her whole field of vision so placid or so perfectly respectable, as when gazing into the bed-chamber of our nobleman she beheld upon the middle pillow of an ample bed the head of the Earl of Beef, measuring the hours of the night with luxurious snores, while on either side reposed the tenants in common of his hand and heart. Nor did the benevolent orb forget to look at the trundle-bed, moored under the lee of the baronial couch, wherein two boys of sturdy limb slumbered, (for each dame had enriched the quiver of her lord with one arrow,) and looking on these lusty young rogues, she invariably disposed her kind countenance into a smile so like that of some wealthy and indulgent aunt, that to my mind it carried the conviction that the extinct-crater theory at present prevailing with regard to that satellite, is wrong, and some day or other must go down. I would as soon think my excellent aunt Dorothy a burnt-out Pompadour, as give credence to the libels promulgated by the universities, concerning the career of our lunar relative previous to this wonderful age of 'light and knowledge.'

How different a spectacle was to be seen, at twelve o'clock P.M., at the neighboring chateau of Fooleries. Not an eye was closed under

the roof of that riotous old mansion. Lights shone from all the windows. The noise of fiddles, of dancing, of loud laughter, and a multitude of bacchanalian tumults resounded through the house, revealing the fact that the veteran *roué*, the Marquis de Quivretotes, with his promising son, young Monsieur de Rapier, and their select company of ladies and gentlemen, were diverting themselves with a little evening-party and a little supper — which by the way would probably be number seven of a series of little evening-parties and little suppers given by those indefatigable pleasure-seekers during the week, ending almost any mid-night that could be named during the season.

From this scene of revelry I turn, like a respectable historian as I am to be, whose works may yet become a text-book for American youth in schools and academies, and point to that other picture of peace and prosperity as the one which it is most profitable to contemplate. Well might John, Earl of Beef, rejoice in his possessions! Well might Cæsar the Roman, or Alexander the Macedonian, with backs aching under the weight of the globe, look upon such snoring tranquillity and sigh to be lords of Bullscrown! Look through the window, ye world-grasping conquerors, and tell me if when crowned in Babylon, or laurelled in Rome, ye knew such peace of heart as now pervades the breast of yonder honest baron? No Care tugs at the strings of his night-cap; no Desire borrows disguise from Dream-land and whispers lying oracles in his ear, or drags gaudy panoramas before his eyes; no Incubus sits on his breast, clogging the ruddy brooks of life; no troop of bloody ghosts flits across the bed, beckoning the sleeper to follow; no quaking Alarm shouts *treason! treason, Lord John!* through his disturbed brain, till the scared slumberer starts from his bed, clutching at the air-drawn dagger he saw just now at his throat! Not thus, to tempt or to terrify, do the busy Dreams sport about the pillow of our Peer. Some, in the form of hounds, bark in his ear, making the music his soul chiefly loves; some build on the counterpane great stacks of hay or yellow grain; some put on the bodily forms of my lord's sturdy sons, and stone the frogs at the edge of the marsh: and if for a moment a flash of irritation shoots across the sleeper's face; if he turns hastily in his bed; if the sturdy overture from his nose changes time and key, breaks up into discords and branches off into a kind of Freischütz digression, be sure that some mischievous elf has made himself like his lordship's solicitor, and presents the last bill of costs taxed in that unterminable chancery-suit with the Marquis Quivretotes, nothing worse than that. What think'st thou, feverish king of Macedon? What think'st thou, bilious Imperator of Rome? Were it not better to dwell contented on the fair manor of Bullscrown, than sigh to fight battles in the moon?

But before bids are received, O ye uneasy emperors! for this tempting mansion, which I see ye both begin to covet, I must needs confess that this same house, Bullscrown, contains — a skeleton! Truth it is, I admit the fact with chagrin; but in sober earnest I am compelled to notify bidders, that whoever steps into the shoes of the Earl of Beef, steps into intimate relations with a skeleton of the most disagreeable personal appearance and habits. Just now, Bones is out of sight

asleep I suppose in some old cistern about the premises, but at breakfast he will come clattering in and seat himself on the edge of the table, and there remain till the morning meal is concluded. Afterward, whenever my Lord goes about the house, Bones will go shuffling along behind. At dinner, Bones must have his stool in the corner, if there is company at the table, and an occasional cracking of joints or rattling of dry bones, will remind my Lord of the silent gentleman with a small appetite, if perchance he becomes forgetful of his presence. 'Tis only when the Earl leaves the house and walks abroad, that Bones draws back and refuses to follow, though I have sometimes known him to take an airing in the family-coach, on the rare occasions when the Earl drives out with his family.

In short, to speak without figure of speech, and to come at once to a downright statement of facts, my Lord's domestic tranquillity made a better show by moon-light than in broad day, when yonder two dames were in full possession of their tongues. I grieve to make the admission that Alexander, with all Asia strapped to his back, or hoop-nosed Julius, kicking in the nets of conspiracy, were often-times more to be envied than the magnate of Bullscrown, goaded to desperation by the fiery darts of his tormentors. It was a melancholy sight indeed, when sometimes the conflicting tempers and desires of the two dames bred, as it were, typhoons or violent winds, named Euroclydon, in the mansion Bullscrown; to see our portly grandee staggering to-and-fro in the tempest like some wretched Indianaman, which, ten days and ten nights tossed by the billows, almost longs to take the final plunge to escape the harassing tornado.

Mistress Elizabeth was a large and stately lady, fond of sumptuous apparel, possessing a *regal port*, and a beautiful but somewhat disdainful countenance. When arrayed to her satisfaction, in velvet and costly furs, with ostrich-feathers surmounting her head, and flying rigging of various fine colors fluttering from her shoulders and wrists, she seemed some gorgeous argosy, standing across the ocean under the flag of an admiral, to which all other vessels traversing the seas must submissively strike their top-masts.

Mistress Joan, on the other hand, though a firmly knit and comely woman, was far from possessing the girth and port of Madame Bess. Her countenance was handsome, but there was a keenness of the eye, a spirit of determination written on the lip, that deterred many an admirer before our haughty Earl, rashly trusting in his own strength, wedded her. If the other was a disdainful argosy walking at leisure through the billows, this was a steamer, scorning both fair breeze and blast, pushing her way through thick and thin whithersoever she listed. If Madame Bess was haughty and pompous, the fair Joan was fierce and wilful. If the former exasperated the lord of Bullscrown by temper and tantrums, the latter maddened him by defiance, and even by an occasional box on the ear, which of all things it must be acknowledged, is the hardest to be borne by mortal man.

One great cause of displeasure to the Lady Bess, was the lack of splendor in the style of living at Bullscrown. Her mind being pitched to an imperial key, and delighting in ceremony and authority, was ill

content with the solid grandeurs of her lord's house, and longed for the lordly style which was to be witnessed at the mansions of some of her dissolute neighbors. It grieved her also that the tenantry on her husband's estate were so free-spoken and unmannerly; whereas on the manors which she would have the Earl of Beef take as models, the tenants were wooden-shoed, brow-beaten dogs — dogs that hardly dared to raise their eyes from the ground. It galled the spirits of her ladyship, that the tenants on the Bullscrown estates had, by virtue of ancient custom or for some other unsatisfactory reason, certain rights and privileges in derogation of paramount title of the Earl, and would by no means give up one jot thereof for fair words or threats, and even ventured to raise a clamor when they thought that the castle-folks were trespassing on these same inconvenient rights.

'Lord of Bullscrown,' (thus would argue grand Lady Bess,) 'when I left the house of his grace, my father, to share your bed and board, I did it with the expectation that a degree of style would be maintained in the house over which I was called to preside, that would make it an honorable thing to be mistress of your mansion. But behold, how is it? Here am I imprisoned in a rude square house, just fit for the abode of some low-born cattle-breeder, and not even mistress of that! No; not only does a horde of insolent tenantry lord it over Bullscrown whenever their greasy lordships please so to do, but even the miserable remnant of authority which they are pleased to leave us, I must share with a woman as ill-born and more ill-bred than they. I never expected, my Lord, that the daughter of his grace, my father, would be so degraded. His grace, my father, never expected it; her grace, my mother, never expected it, and I never ought to and never will submit to such outrageous, inhuman, scandalous degradation, never! *never!* Have you no shame, my Lord? Look at the Marquis de Quivretotes, as fine and gallant a gentleman as breathes the air; there's a gentleman whom to have for a husband would be an honor indeed; to your shame hear it, my Lord! Do his tenants think they have any business to regulate matters in the parlors of the Fooleries, my Lord? or in the kitchen, my Lord? or even in the coal-hole, my Lord? Not they, the dogs! The Marquis has taught them their places, and they no more dare set their wooden sabots in the precincts of the Fooleries, than your own swine dare leave their pens and invade your dining-room. But here forsooth the clowns scruple not to bully their betters on any occasion. Not only do they snub the steward, whose person should be as inviolable as your own, but they dictate, yes, dictate to you how you shall manage your own estate; and you, great coward that you are, put it in your pipe and smoke it!'

Then would fair Joan discourse in this wise:

'Lord John of Bullscrown, if Madame Elizabeth, your second married *wife*, (I suppose she rates herself,) considers herself degraded by the position she occupies here, I know no better way for her to escape therefrom than to take herself away as quickly as possible; and if she thinks it a desirable thing to live under the protection of the serene Marquis of Quivretotes, nothing will be easier than to gratify herself. The charity of Monsieur Le Marquis to ladies who grow weary of their lawful lords

is known to be very ample. But for my part I see nothing but the silliest infatuation in her complaints. If to ride in the most splendid carriage that money can buy or tinkers make, or to be arrayed four times a day like four different peacocks, or to possess a disgusting little lap-dog at the price of fifty guineas, or to flirt a fan brought from India with the worth of a drove of cattle on it in pearls alone, or to deafen a maid a month with cuffs on the ear, are proofs of tyranny, then I confess that madam is a horribly abused woman. But I fancy that I can tell what madam means by her everlasting tirades. She would have you, my Lord, pull down this house Bullscrown, and put up in its place a vile, crooked stew-house, like the Fooleries. She would have you put on woman's hair, and paint yourself like Sardanapalus; and let the steward and butler, who need watching night and day, grind your honest tenantry to powder. The rogues, they would have flung you to the dogs, and plundered your strong-box long ago, if it had not been for my watching and discomfiting them before ever you dreamed, blind blockhead that you are, that they were hatching treason in your own house. As for the tenantry who have so offended this fine lady of yours, I caution you, Earl of Beef, to beware; yes, to beware how you attempt wrong to your honest yeomen. Time was, my Lord, when you were an honest and just man, although a poor one, and loved me your lawful wife and cared kindly for your servants; but when Satan made you rich and your heart became puffed up, and you obtained a special dispensation of the Church (it's not worth a snap of my finger) to marry the daughter of a beggarly duke, you became a changed man. I know the hardness of your heart, my Lord. I know from my own sufferings what cowardly tyranny you delight to exercise when you dare, and I bid you beware, beware how you steal from those poor people the only things your avarice has left them. If you, in your stupidity, and meanness, and obstinacy, dare to raise so much as your finger against these poor men, I warn you, Earl of Beef, 'twill be worse for you!'

Then quoth John Viscount Strongbow and lord of the mighty and impregnable mansion, Bullscrown:

'I swear by Jupiter and all the gods, big and little, that you mesdames are enough to distract a dromedary with your tongues. I would rather be an ox, with two bull-dogs hanging to my nostrils, than be baited to death by you in my own house. If you, madam, think that baboon in the Fooleries is a better man than I, go to him, and become a mother of monkeys as soon as you please; but as to cudgelling my tenants into a pack of sorry hang-dogs, I'll not do it to please you or your father the duke, or your mother the duchess, or your grand-mother the dowager. And you, dame Joan, how dare you threaten me and caution me to *beware* how I grind the faces of the poor, as if I was some heathenish Tartar that wanted to put harness on Christian men and drive them with a cart-whip? Do not I remember from what humble estate I have risen? Have I forgotten that I was once a bare-legged urchin, whooping in the fens, and that PROVIDENCE cared for me, clothed my legs with breeches, instructed me in religion and divers kinds of knowledge; has made a great and rich man of me, like Abraham the patriarch; has given me a house, and twice as many wives as Job had,

with double Job's patience to bear the gift; has endowed me with beef, ale, pudding, and all blessings that heart could wish? Verily, madam, were I a dumb ox, I could not but give thanks for these things, and use mercy to every living creature, be it man or brute, which PROVIDENCE gave to my keeping; and however much I may fall short of Solomon in wisdom, I yet hope that with these excellent possessions I have received also sufficient wit to keep the same in as good condition as when they were given to me.'

'Do not think to frighten me, John of Bullscrown, with your loud words,' retorted undaunted Joan, 'or to fool me with a show of poetry. I will not be put down. Brag as you may of your riches, there's not a blockhead in ten counties that can match you for stupidity or conceit. With all your blustering and profanity, but for my guardianship the thieves with which you have filled your house would have stolen the very nails from your fingers long ago. Had you the eyesight of a bat, and could but see a tenth part of what those dissolute wretches in the pantry are plotting, you might, instead of boasting of your wonderful wisdom, have the grace to thank me for check-mating the rogues, while you snored in blessed ignorance of the deviltry hatching below stairs. I knew the fathers of Harry Lion and Joe Unicorn before them, and know the sons to be worthy of their sires. Nothing would please them better than to install themselves masters of Bullscrown. Happy will you be then, Earl of Beef, if they cut your throat outright. It is no secret to me, my lord, and would not be to you, if you had the eyes of a beetle, that those scoundrels have even ventured to encourage the silly infatuation of Madam Elizabeth, with a view to working out their own plans. I speak what I know, and do not fear to avow it; madam does not profess to be entirely satisfied with her dignity as demi-Countess of Beef. I presume that Master Lion, with his pride and cruelty, would be altogether to her liking: and with your weazand once slit, me and my son turned into the highway, Master John given to the gipsies, and madam herself installed sole lioness at Bullscrown, she would be so enraptured with the honor of littering whelps to her new lord, and hearing Dean Rubric rumble his Babylonish liturgy, that she would hardly be able to survive from very delight.'

'Madam, madam!' screamed Lady Bess, 'I will bear this malignity no longer. My Lord, with this woman I can no longer live. This day I shall return to the house of his grace, my father. Keep this she-wolf if you will. Let Preacher Synod have his homilies all day long from the house-top; but when you are brought to beggary, and your tenantry, after hanging you and your children from yonder oak-tree, turn into a horde of cannibals and prey upon each other, then remember, my Lord, the choice you made this day.'

Then did unhappy John, Lord of Bullscrown, heave from his lowest breast a dreadful groan, and in dismay and confusion did throw down his sword and shield and dare no more the unequal contest, but did utterly fly, abscond, run away, cut stick, vanish, and was not again seen till a late hour in the afternoon, when, impelled by the pangs of hunger, he ventured into the kitchen of his house, and ate hugely of cold beef, bread, and cheese.



## THE UNSEEN MIRROR.

THERE is a mirror all unseen,  
 Which hath a strange and wondrous power,  
 Leaving for ever in its depths  
 The image of the passing hour:  
 No matter what the thing we hear,  
 No matter what the act we do,  
 No matter what the burning thought  
 That marks the pathway we pursue.

Each sight of happiness and wo,  
 Each tear let fall for others' wrongs,  
 Each spoken word and strong desire,  
 Each burden of our spirit-songs:  
 All, *all* are ever mirrored there,  
 In all the glow of real life:  
 Greatly to shape our future course,  
 And nerve or weaken for its strife.

Nor is it all, that imaged there  
 We see life's action-moulding springs;  
 Those images reflect a light  
 To bless or curse all animate things:  
 To brighten other spirit-homes  
 With sunshine never growing dim,  
 Or throw o'er all a misty gloom,  
 That hushes every waking hymn.

How strange, that pictures graven there  
 As with the sun-beam's burning glow,  
 Should live for ever, giving life  
 One half its happiness and wo!  
 And though a thousand scenes just passed  
 May hide the olden for a time,  
 The eye will pierce the shadowy veil  
 To read its deeds of love and crime.

And since that mirror, though unseen,  
 Is still within each human breast,  
 How careful should we ever be  
 That it may give us ne'er unrest;  
 That from its dark, mysterious depths  
 Repentant tears may wipe each stain,  
 That we may never, *never* feel  
 It wins our life no golden gain.

How pray that God would write therein  
 The impress of some angel-thought,  
 Which should control and guide our steps  
 To good which else would be unsought.  
 For oh! the tongue may never tell  
 How much of heaven it might impart,  
 To make us glad, the real dawns  
 From angel pictures in the HEART!

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## LOVE-BEGUILED.

THROUGH the misty evening-shadows, that float nightly o'er the valley,  
 'Neath the old and ruined abbey, we two wandered, love-beguiled.  
 And though night around us stealing, warned us with its shadows blighting,  
 Of the spirits round us flitting — yet we wandered, love-beguiled.  
 Thus we wandered till the storm-clouds in grim shapes of terror flying,  
 And the wind in sadness sighing, woke us wandering, love-beguiled.  
 Would that ever we had wandered, in that dark enchanted valley,  
 With the ghosts that glimmer sadly, o'er their graves beneath the abbey,  
 And the storm had never woke us from our wandering, love-beguiled.

## FOOT-PRINTS IN THE SNOW.

## A NEW-YEAR'S STORY.

BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

'Out upon you, man! Will *you* play dunce, who were such a rattle-brained lad, and that, too, when your old school-fellow comes to greet you in your middle-age and prosperity forsooth, and plies you with good ale? Have respect for the malt, if not for the friend that finds it!'

'Have I not told you I am not well? Can a sick man laugh and play the clown?'

'Nay, nay; but shall the ill drink ale like you? Lad, you do not even smile; you are sick at heart.'

The second speaker buried his head in his huge hands, on both of which he had been leaning over a half-emptied mug of ale. He was large and brawny, with a bushy head of grizzled hair, heavy eye-brows, over-hanging small, keen gray eyes, and was named Browning. His companion was short and rather corpulent, with florid complexion, sandy hair, and a round, chubby face, rendered rather inexpressive by a pair of light-blue eyes. He was called Harry Saunders. Between these two so dissimilar, as is not infrequent, a boyish intimacy had been formed, which had not been broken until manhood and its pursuits had separated them. Even then their hearts refused the division; and often and again in fancy they travelled back to the old play-ground and school-bench, where they had played much and studied little; and to the blacksmith-shop, where they, on the same anvil, as apprentices together, had rung out a chime to the dancing and glancing iron-sparks. Saunders was one of those fun-loving fellows, who saw the clear sky behind the blackest clouds; and having not the stability to love long enough to marry, had wandered hither and thither as his fancy prompted or means permitted, and at last, in his middle-age, stumbled across Browning. This was on New-Year's eve. After a cordial welcome,

and a vice-like grasp of their calloused hands, they entered a saloon and sat down over their mugs of ale. Saunders was in excellent talkative humor, but he could wring little from the compressed lips of Browning, save monosyllabic responses, nor provoke a smile to flash beneath his shaggy eye-brows, and lighten along the furrows of his swarthy features. They were engaged upon the fourth mug of ale when they are introduced.

'Why, man,' said Saunders, after regarding Browning some little time, 'I had sworn to myself, when we had felt each other's fists, that we would sit like the Methodists, and hold a love-feast, or something of that kind, till the New-Year came in ; but the more we feast, the glummer you grow, and ('tis but half-past nine now) by midnight you will be stupid as an owl at noon-day, and I shall be snoring over my mug ; and the New-Year might come and go without a smile to welcome him, or a beaker to his health and prosperity.'

'Harry,' said Browning, letting his hands fall and sitting upright, while a light shot from his eyes that made his gloomy face look darker, 'I know, Harry, that you have a right to complain when you see me thus. 'T was not my way. You spoke truly when you said I was sick at heart. You are the father of a family?'

'Not I, George, not I ! The young bird that 'scaped the snare made tempting by dainty seeds, will not be caught in old age by chaff. But what of it, for you were going to say something more?'

Browning seemed puzzled at the negative, for upon an anticipated affirmation he intended enforcing his following remarks. However, he continued : 'Thank HEAVEN you are not ! I am. Harry, I have been an honest man, and worked hard ; I hoped with my toil and integrity to see my children live happy, grow up happy, and leave me happy. As one by one they came to me, I felt my heart expand, my sympathies extend, and the world grow broader and brighter about me, till ——' here the speaker smote the table with his clenched hand, till the mugs danced and their contents splashed upon the table. Then he muttered something in an under-tone, so deep as to be indistinct, and buried his face in his hands again.

'Well,' said Saunders, recovering from his surprise, 'here's a scene. What the devil is the trouble now?'

'Go home,' said the large man, after some hesitation, and rising from his seat, 'go home with me and you shall see. I can't tell you. Come, you shall have the best, which is poor enough ; you shall eat, drink, and sleep. As for talking, truly I like it as well as any one, and no man likes a jolly hour better than I ; but — I don't feel in the humor lately. Come, what say you ? — and we'll keep the New-Year there.'

Saunders silently assented to the proposal, by asking for and paying the reckoning. Leaving the saloon, they walked along together without speaking. There had been a slight sprinkle of snow, just enough to whiten the paths and roads where they had become soiled or icy with use ; a slight sprinkle of very light snow, which took an impression from the slightest thing and retained it. The sky was flecked with a few white, fleecy clouds, hurried on by some higher current of air which did not disturb the calm below. The full moon shed over all its pale, re-

splendent beams, scarcely affected by the fleeting rack, filling the night with a holy tranquillity, and making every flake of snow to shine back a star. The village stores were closed, and most of the inhabitants had retired, so that the silence was the more painful to the smaller of the twain. He made two or three efforts at conversation. The only effect was to hasten the steps of his comrade. However, this was desirable, as the air was becoming every moment colder, the moon and stars brighter, and the sky clearer. When they had reached the outskirts of the village, the patience of Saunders became exhausted, and he broke out :

‘Confound it, Browning, talk ! I can’t and won’t stand this any longer. I must say something or burst. How far is it to your house ?’

Browning, thus appealed to, replied : ‘About a half-mile. Would it were thousands ! You can see it on yonder hill, back from the road.’

‘Why, what the dragon troubles you, man ? Have you been unfortunate in business, and had the sheriff ransacking you ?’ There was no answer ; and Saunders thinking he had discovered the secret of his companion’s distress, continued : ‘Cheer up, cheer up, man ! You have a strong arm yet, and with a strong heart you can make it all up again. The world owes you and your family a living, and must pay its due. Cheer up and look happy, and those about you will look happy, and *be* happy. What care you how the world wags, if when you enter your home there is the glad smile of your wife to welcome you, stout and stubbed boys to dance about you, and, to make up the picture, some bright-eyed, music-tongued angel of the house, your daughter——’

‘A thousand devils !’ cried Browning, turning upon Saunders and seizing him by the throat ; ‘is it not enough that I am shamed and dishonored in the face of the world, and my home become a charnel-house, that you must come here to spit upon me in my misery ? I have forbid my wife and children to speak her name, and shall you, a——’

Here he became sensible of his impetuosity, and loosed his hold. His companion, surprised at the suddenness of the attack, had made no resistance, and when the grasp was relaxed, he stood regarding Browning with the air of one at a loss whether to be angry or no. His silence served to kindle the anger of Browning, for he laid his great hand upon Saunders’ shoulder, and said :

‘Think but her name again, and your friends shall wonder who you are !’

‘George Browning,’ said Saunders, laying his hand upon the arm resting on his shoulder, ‘what does this mean ? Do you think I fear you ? No ; I was always your better in strength and vigor. We have played together as boys, worked together as youths ; we have been as David and Jonathan ; and to-night we have met after long years of separation, drank together, and you have asked me, your old comrade, to your house. No, you will not lay a rash hand upon me ; by our old friendship I swear it, you will not, you dare not do it !’

The large man’s hand fell down to his side, and he replied : ‘Forgive me, Harry ; but I am not what I used to be. Men say I am half-crazy, and I am afraid it is so.’ Then placing his hand upon his brow, and looking up at the sky, he added : ‘Would to HEAVEN I were quite ! Let us go on.’

As they started, Saunders inquired how a reference to his daughter could so disturb him.

He answered: 'Ask me not. Speak not a word of her or you will snap these rusty old heart-strings. I cannot suffer much more.' Then with a bitter laugh he muttered: 'The secret must out in time; and then shall the shaft of my vengeance fall!'

Saunders saw fit to press him no farther, and they walked on up the hill in silence. In the mean time the sky had become cloudless, and the cold had increased so that the snow began to chirrup under their boots. Save that, there was naught to break the stillness except the occasional bark of the watchful dog, which served only to render it the more solemn and impressive. What thoughts the hour, and the tall, dark figure of Browning, striding along a little in advance, stirred up in Saunders' mind! How all the events of their early association recurred, and how he strove to connect them with the incomprehensible being before him. Then he asked himself: What mystery is to be unfolded to me to-night? And then it occurred to him that the man was insane. He stopped, hesitating whether to follow; but the voice of his comrade bidding him to come on reassured him. Was there any thing in the mention of his daughter which could have given offence? The more he conjectured, the more he became bewildered with the events of the evening. By this time they had reached a stile, over which lay their path to the house. As they turned from the highway, Saunders remarked:

'We are late, Browning. They must all be a-bed, for there are no lamps burning.'

Browning replied most bitterly: 'Nay, I think not. We shall find them all up, for we sleep but little at home. 'Tis not very pleasant there now, not as pleasant as it used to be; the light in the window has been darkened, and the fire on the hearth extinguished. But come on, 'tis all I have now; you can have no more of mine than I can give you.'

'George,' said Saunders, 'this is too strange for belief. What has befallen you? I will not intrude upon your misery; I will go no farther till this mystery is explained.'

'But you shall, willy-nilly.' Thereupon Browning laid hold of the collar of Saunders, and dragged him along, till finding his exertions unnecessary he desisted. As they drew near the house, in a path hollowed out of the not deep snow which had fallen that season, the large man caught sight of some foot-prints, leading from the fields to the door. He examined them attentively until satisfied of their direction, and broke out:

'Ten thousand devils! has she come back again? Well, I can show her the wide world once more. Hers it shall be, by HEAVEN!' As he reached the threshold, he turned around, stood a moment as if gathering up all his energies, and raised his clenched hand to the stars. Then lifting the latch he pushed Saunders in, and shut the door with such force that the windows rattled.

'Wife, where is she?' he exclaimed.

A feeble voice responded, 'Who?'

'Who!' answered he in a voice of thunder, 'she that disgraced an honest man and his family. Tell me where you have hidden her, that I may thrust her forth on the night.'

'Nay, husband, she has gone again.'

'T will not do, wife; her footsteps lead in, but there are none going out.'

'Poor girl; she went out at the back-door. I dared not ask her to stay, for your anger. Poor, poor girl!'

Browning then went out to ascertain the truth of what his wife said, leaving Saunders standing by the door; he having entered unnoticed by Mrs. Browning, remained there surveying the apartment. It was an old-fashioned house, with a large open fire-place—one of those large old-fashioned fire-places which our forefathers loved, and which went out of fashion and respect when the modern imp of darkness, the stove, displaced the household gods, and desecrated the hearth-stone—a large old-fashioned fireside, round which scattered household bands might gather on festal days and renew their love to one another, and their trust in HEAVEN. But oh! how desolate the one Saunders beheld! On the huge andirons a half-consumed block of wood lay sighing and sputtering over a few smouldering coals, occasionally breaking into a momentary blaze to illumine the scene. On one side lay a large, overgrown boy, resting uneasily upon one arm, asleep; on the other, a girl, his junior, lay with her head against the jamb, her face concealed by long tangled locks, in a gasping and fretful slumber, as if she had cried herself to rest; near her a small boy was playing with some wet chips, throwing them occasionally into the ashes, in a peevish manner, which denoted that his diversion was more a matter of necessity than of inclination; directly in front, with her back to the door, sat Browning's wife, in a shawl and cap, bending over the little warmth, endeavoring to still the moanings of a babe which the entrance of the men had awakened. These, with one exception, composed the family. The flare of the flames at intervals disclosed, pendent from the joists, hams, dried pumpkins, crook-necks, and the usual comforts of rural life, besides some hunter's trappings, and a long rifle, kept clean and bright, as the glisten of its mounting testified. In one corner was the curtained recess, where the parents slept, close by which, in the nook made by the fire-place, was the tall old Dutch clock with its big white face, and its everlasting solemn tick—tack! There was an old rocking-chair which the wife tenanted, a few split-bottom chairs, a table, and looking-glass stuck about with letters and school-tickets, and adorned with some dried sprigs of asparagus; close by, was a shelf on which lay the family Bible, a psalm-book, and a few school-books, composing the library. All these perhaps Saunders did not notice; though by the fitful blaze they might have been revealed to a careful observer. He stood wondering and perplexed, till Browning returned and said in a deep voice:

'You have told the truth, wife; but hereafter let her not so much as step across my threshold. The world is wide enough for us all. What said she?'

'A little, a very, very little, husband; she said it was growing cold,



and she knew not where to go. And oh! so pale she looked — so pale and pitiful, as if her heart was bursting with some great sorrow, and a greater secret, that her lurid lips durst not utter! O husband, husband! we do her wrong; she never yet told us a lie. I do believe she is really married.'

'Then why does she not name her husband? Perhaps she deems herself married; but the world dislikes those matches that end with satiety, those loves that instead of being cemented by offspring, are thrown down and ruined.'

'Ah! well-a-day, husband, I know it all; but it is so cruel — so cruel, and with her babe! Oh! if we wrong her, we do a double wrong.'

'We do her no wrong. 'T is she has wronged us, by dishonoring an honest family. Shall we keep the shame here to rankle and fester in our household?'

'But she will die in this weather.'

'Die! would to God she had died in her blessed infancy, shrouded in her spotless innocence. Then would our angel-child have been a radiance in the spirit-land, lighting and inspiring us through the darkness of this bitter world. But now, O HEAVEN! Well, well! — Let her beg!'

There was silence for a moment, and the slumberers, awakened by the conversation, had slowly roused themselves from the stupidity consequent upon broken sleep. The girl brushed back her hair, and approaching her father, who stood motionless in the middle of the room, lisped:

'O papa! you have come; why didn't you come sooner? Sister Susy has been here, and oh! she looked so poor and pale. And we had such a time of crying — mamma, and the boys, and I, and the baby too, and Susy and her baby, too — all of us. Oh! I wish you had come; you would n't let her go out into the cold, would you papa?'

The child's appeal wrought powerfully upon the parent, as Saunders could discern by the convulsive effort of his huge frame, as he overmastered his emotions. He put the little one from him by saying, 'Don't trouble me, Caddy.' Suddenly recollecting his companion, he drew up a chair by the hearth, bade Saunders be seated, at the same time introducing him to his wife. By his orders, the boys having replenished the fire and lit a candle, he sent them and the girl to bed. In a few moments the room assumed a more cheerful aspect, as the wood kindled and diffused its strong red glare throughout the humble apartment. The three sat around the hearth and talked of the days gone by. Saunders ran over the incidents of his life, from the time of their separation up to their meeting in the evening, in such a joyous and musical manner, that the spirits of the husband and wife began to catch a glow. As he closed he said, 'Now, Browning, treat me to a chapter or two of your life, and so we shall be square on the score of adventure.'

Browning, consenting, proceeded with a story of humble village domestic life — marriage, toil, the accumulation of a little property, children, and then continued: 'Up to this time we had lived happily and

contented, and Susan, my oldest daughter, of whom you have heard us talk to-night, grew to be very beautiful, good, and trusting. She was always cheerful. Saunders, she was my sunshine through the clouding cares of this world, always merry, and every one loved her. The village youth, the rich as well as poor, sought her society, and strove for her smile above that of all the other maidens. She was my pride's darling; but I was not ambitious of her, and only pictured for her a happy union with some honest and worthy man. But while this plain, simple picture was fresh upon my fancy, a young man of wealthy parents, but of dissolute habits, became very attentive to Susan, and as I have since discovered, had been so for some time previous to my knowledge, and against the commands of his parents. From his character I thought, and that correctly too, his visits boded me and mine no good; so I forbade him my house, and my daughter his presence. Stolen interviews took place between them, and I was obliged to keep close watch upon her. All at once, to my great joy, he disappeared from our midst. 'Twas the spoiler leaving his prey. So she fell. Oh! had the stars fallen, and buried myself and her in eternal darkness and despair, I had been happy to what I am now!' Here he stopped and shuddered with the intensity of his feelings. The silence was broken only by the sobs of his wife.

Saunders sat there looking into the fire which roared up the huge chimney, and brushed away a tear. His position was novel and painful; and he rose and went to the window and looked out. Far and wide lay the white snow, dreary and desolate as the death it typified, glistening under the descending moon, pale as a mourner over the pall, surrounded by the sympathizing stars, their eyes glimmering upon her, as it were, through tears. And as he stood there regarding the scene, and listening to the moaning mother, he caught sight of those small foot-prints leading from the fields; and he thought, 'Oh! what misery had come with them: a broken heart, broken hopes, shame, sorrow, and despair.' Then he saw in the distance a white figure bending beneath a burden, struggling slowly and wearily through the snow. As it drew near, the features of a woman of death-like beauty were revealed, and he knew by the manner she pressed the burden to her heart that it was a child she bore. She approached so near that her blue lips were visible, and stood looking longingly toward the house. Suddenly her dark eyes fell upon him glaring intensely—intensely but imploringly. The ghastliness of the vision, and the vividness of the apparition, riveted him to the spot. She beckoned to him with a wild gesture. He thought she spoke. 'Twas the voice of Browning dispelling the illusion. He called to Saunders to be seated, who, glad to find it a matter of fancy, complied. Browning then continued:

'The rest you may have gathered. She refused to name the author of her disgrace, nor could threats or entreaties force or induce her. She claimed she was a wife; but said she had promised not to declare her husband. Oh! she was the true woman in her suffering; my own sweet daughter Susy, spoiled and dishonored as she was; and my father's heart was wrung and strained to the utmost. I told her of it; she saw it and knew it. But to all my prayers she turned a deaf ear. So when

her strength had been perfectly restored, and 't was but this afternoon, I led her to the door and showed her the wide, wide world. HEAVEN has dealt sorely with me and my wife, Harry; but I will not fall to cursing.'

Here a knock at the door startled the inmates. 'T is she!' said Browning, in a whisper; and Saunders shuddered as he thought of the figure he had beheld beckoning to him. There was no answer to the summons. In a moment a hand tried the door. It opened. None of them looked around, as a man closely muffled up entered. The new-comer, in his over-shoes, made no noise as he entered; and they all thought it was the poor forsaken girl.

'Good evening!' said a deep-toned, musical voice.

Had a serpent stung him, Browning would not have started more spasmodically. He sprang from his chair, and with one bound reached the rifle hanging from the joists, and before any one was aware of his purpose pulled the trigger. Its harmless click, however, announced his intention, and as he advanced upon the stranger with the clubbed gun, Saunders rushed up behind and seized him.

'Unhand me, Saunders,' cried Browning, 'as you value your eternal peace; for I shall hold that man my foe who shall dare to stand between me and my revenge!'

Saunders replied, without relaxing: "You are rash, George. Would you add murder to your misery?"

The stranger, a young man, then came up, and after a little struggle wrested the gun from Browning, saying, 'What does all this mean, and what this reception? Explain yourself, Mr. Browning, while I keep this weapon as a pledge of my safety.'

'Explain! How dare you cross my threshold? Have you come to gloat upon the ruin you have wrought? The snake that stung me in my heart of heart, comes he back to coil and hiss around his victim? Ha! ha! ha! but you have missed it. Look in the highways and hedges for her. Go! the world is wide enough for us both, and beware hereafter how you cross my path!'

'Mr. Browning,' said the young man, whose name was Frederick Carson, 'I do not comprehend all this. Of whom, or what do you speak? I have come here after a long absence to see your daughter Susan. Is she here?'

'Here! Ask the winds where she is. Ask the ravens that feed her. What! you a royal bird of prey, stooping to such garbage!'

'Good God! what does all this signify? Susan is my wife——'

'Thank HEAVEN!' shrieked Mrs. Browning, staggering forward. 'Thank HEAVEN for that, Fred Carson. I knew she could not lie. I knew we wronged her, husband.'

'And here I am come to make her publicly my wife, and to keep the happy New-Year, and you tell me she has gone in shame and dishonor. Has she become a mother, and concealed our marriage? or has she told you, and you have not believed? Alas! we must all suffer enough without suffering innocently!'

'You say she is your wife,' said Browning; 'what evidence is there, save her offspring?'

'My own avowal. If you need more, the certificate and witnesses.'

'May HEAVEN forgive me for the wrong I have done her!' said the father, with a choked utterance; 'but she persisted in naming no one, and turned away from all entreaties.'

'T was my fault,' said Carson, 't was mine. A few days before I left for the South, we were privately married; for I feared my parents, and she feared you. We promised never to name each other as husband and wife, till we met again; until I might claim her without fear, and she me without reproach. And here I am now, and she, noble girl—tell me where she is, old man. I demand her at your hands.'

'I am a bruised reed now, Fred. Demand her of the winds.'

There was a pause, and Saunders, who had let go of the subdued Browning, saw again in his mind that same wild phantom beckoning to him over the glittering snow, through the keen moon-beams.

'Can you not tell me where I may find her? Where did she go from here?'

Mrs. Browning replied: 'She has been here to-night. So cold, and pale, and pitiful, with her sweet baby! But she dare not stay, for her father's return. Oh! if she has died this cold night, we are her murderers!'

'Heaven and earth!' exclaimed Carson; 'can you not *guess* whither she has gone?'

'No,' said the mother; 'she went out the back-door, through the fields. Her heart was breaking!'

'Let us search for her,' said Browning, 'and bring her back, and ask her forgiveness. Though she has not been filial, she has been loyal; and I have done her a grievous wrong. Let us go about it this moment. We shall doubtless find her at some of the neighbors. Let us disperse at the forks of the road, and inquire at the houses till we find her.'

'Yes, I shall little deserve her love,' said Carson; 'little requite her faithfulness, if I waited till morning. Come on, my friends, we shall celebrate the happy New-Year yet.'

They were about departing through the front-door, when Saunders again saw in his mind that weird phantom beckoning to him through the moon-light, over the snow. He checked them, saying:

'There is something which tells me we shall find her in no house to-night. She went forth, to my idea, in desperation; and if we do not follow hard upon her, something terrible will befall. There has been rashness on all hands.'

'Sir,' said Carson, 'it is too late to blame now. Had we dared to correspond, or had not sickness detained me, this had been averted. She has been too faithful to our secret. But how shall we follow her, except from neighbor to neighbor?'

'By her foot-prints in the snow. We can trace them by the moon-light.'

'You are right, Saunders, you are right. Through the fields, then. Come on!' said Browning.

So saying, he turned to the back-door, followed by the other two.

They could distinguish with ease her foot-prints in the light snow. It was a small, delicate foot that had gone that unusual way, and, by the unequal distances between the prints, they saw that it had borne a weary frame.

And they saw, too, where at short intervals, she must, with a breaking heart, have turned and stood looking at the home she was leaving. No red-man of the forest could have watched more narrowly or judged more correctly of those tracks than the father and husband; and a groan escaped them as, one after another, the evidences of the wanderer's agony were revealed to them. They kept on, saying nothing; for a dreadful suspense began to harrow up and chill their spirits. They kept on in silence. The keen air smote their cheeks, the snow chirruped under their feet, and over them rolled on the descending moon. Let them make haste, for the pale orb will not much longer pour her light for them; and if Susy, poor, sweet, and faithful Susy, has sunk in her journeying, the terrible Frost-King will lay his icy hand upon her heart and still its beatings for ever; or if desperation has seized upon her, a single moment, nay a second, may lose her to them, and home, and HEAVEN! Ay, let them speed, and be wary lest they miss those foot-prints in the snow. But what is it Saunders sees? There is a broad river yonder, and through the centre of the enshrouding ice he can see the glitter of the dashing waters; and those steps, he can see them faltering down the slope, straight onward to the stream. And Browning saw it, and stopped, and laid one hand upon Carson's shoulder, gazing with a maniac-glare, and pointing to the foot-prints and the gleaming waters on beyond. Carson comprehended the significance of the father's manner in an instant, and breaking away, he ran down the declivity, pursued by his companions. It became necessary, however, immediately to slacken his pace, from the occasional indistinctness of the prints, and the two soon overtook him. In a few moments they reached the river. The tracks led on to the ice. They followed them toward the opening, where the rapidity of the current had been too great for congealment. Along the edges of the ice for the width of from four to six feet, the water had overflowed in a very thin sheet, so as to melt the little snow of the evening, and frozen again, leaving a long border of pearl-like glare. There they beheld the foot-steps terminate. The dreadful truth fell upon their minds as an avalanche: the plunge, the shriek, the splash of the closing stream, the rising of the white face twice to the surface, the final disappearance and the death-gurgle, the subsidence of the waves: all these passed before them. Oh! the agony of that husband. Oh! the depth of that father's despair. Oh! what a scene, as they stood gazing upon the vanishing foot-steps, with clasped hands; as they stood there on the ice by the glittering waters, in that winter night, under the descending moon. This was the *New-Year's Eve*. Would the *New-Year's Day* be more cheerful to those two men? Would their hopes and joys kindle with its rising beam? Would their faith and charities plume their soiled and wearied wings, and soar away to newer and nobler flights, with its full-orbed splendor? Alas! alas!

The scene was too solemn and affecting for Saunders, and he walked down the river, leaving the two standing there. He, however, kept a

look-out upon them, as well as upon the stream, to notice any traces of the suicide's death-struggle, which might be visible. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he again discovered that same small foot-step leading from the water, with the current, and apparently to the shore. Like an arrow he sped to his companions, shouting: 'The track! the track! I have found it again! She is not drowned! The track! this way, this way: come!'

The twain started up, and rays of hope flashed over their pallid countenances like lightning. They joined him, crying: 'Thank God! we shall find, we shall save her yet!' They arrived at the place where the foot-prints came out from the glare of ice, and knew them, and followed them. For a short distance the tracks diverged to the shore, and then they turned and led to the water again. What! had she repented of her last resolve, and indeed sought refuge from her woes in the cold and glittering element? No, she had but hesitated there for a short while. In a little ways the direction of her path changed to the shore. But what, if in that bitter night, instead of drowning she had frozen! How the terrible alternative obtruded itself upon their minds; for if she had sunk, her fate was already sealed.

And now the moon was dipping behind the western hills, and they would loose the foot-prints ere long. They hurried on, shouting her name. She had taken her way to a long line of chestnut and oak that skirted the high bank of the river. They reached the shore, and tracked her along under the shelving banks; and there, as the rim of the moon trembled a moment on the horizon ere it disappeared, beneath the tangled roots of a huge oak, and superincumbent thorn-bushes, where the snow had not penetrated, they discovered her. A cry of joy issued from the lips of the three: but she heard it not, for that fearful stupor and warmth consequent upon intense cold was creeping over her. A little later, and they had found her a stiffened corse! Yes, there she sat on that cold winter night, pressing her child to her breast. Oh! deep, enchanting, and abiding mother-love! What was the keen air to her, but that she might keep it from her babe?—what all the world to her, in comparison with that little life?—what were all the pangs she had suffered, the agony she had undergone, the dishonor that had fallen upon her, and the scorn that would point its slowly-moving finger at her as she should weep through the garish world? Nothing, nay, less than nothing, while the smile of her little one should gladden her; nothing, while in its eyes she could behold the coming glory of the spirit she had lit for eternity; nothing, nothing; for despite all the pitiless peltings of the mortal storm, those cherub-hands would pour oil upon the troubled waters of her soul. True, there would be times when her vexed heart would fret, when reproach would lift up the waves of hate, but mother-love, like the MASTER awakened, would say, 'Peace, be still!'

'Poor, poor girl!' said Saunders, for he was the first to discover her.

Carson saw and sprang to her, calling her name. She heeded him not. He bent over, clasped her in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her pallid lips. Still she heeded him not. A deep sleep was falling upon her, and they must rouse her from that lethargy, or a deeper slumber, one in which there are no dreams, would fall upon her. They



carefully unwound her arms, which were convulsively yet cautiously hugged about her babe, and took it from her. The little one was warm, and as the cold air struck its cheek, it opened its eyes and commenced crying. Saunders covered it and stilled its complaining; for he held it. The father and husband then drew the girl from her hiding-place, and shook her very roughly. Finally she opened her eyes, and their wild and wondrous light met the gaze of Saunders. Then he knew who it was that had beckoned to him through the moon-light, over the snow. True, she was clothed in black; but the same pallid face, the same lurid lips confronted him; that same dark and soul-thrilling eye was upon him: he shuddered, spoke to her, but she understood him not. She was, however, alive and awakened; and supporting her on each side they compelled her to walk. The influence of the exercise was magnetic; slowly her muscles relaxed, and her wandering senses returned. Faster and faster they urged her on toward the house, Saunders following with the babe. They had more than half-accomplished the way, when Carson, who narrowly watched her countenance, saw returning consciousness; and in another moment, and ere they were aware of it, she broke from her father's hold, and shrieking, 'Fred!' threw her arms about him.

'Fred, you have come at last!' Carson, with a flood of tears, strained her to his bosom.

'Thank HEAVEN, Susy, you are yet alive!'

Suddenly recollecting, she disengaged herself, and inquired for her child.

'T is safe, dear Susy,' said her father.

'Father, is it you speaking? O father! I am a poor, sinful girl, and have not loved you as I ought!'

'You have loved me better than I deserved,' said Browning, winding his arm about her neck, and kissing her. 'I have wronged, deeply wronged you!'

'Say not so, say not so, father. I was at fault.'

Here Saunders, who, unaccustomed to the transportation of children, had trudged along slowly and carefully, fearing lest he should fall, approached, shouting: 'Go on, go on as fast as you can. I'll bring the baby safely. Go on, and keep the blood stirring.' So they proceeded.

'Fred,' said Susan, 'I am so glad you have come. I dreamed as I grew warm and sleepy, under the tree by the river, that you had come back, that our parents had sanctioned our union, and that we were living happily together. 'T was a wild, strange dream for me, for one so despairing. Father had cast me off, and I had begun to mistrust you. Forgive me, Fred; but my brain was a little turned!'

'HEAVEN be praised, dear Susan, the dream shall soon prove true. I should have been home two months since; but I have been sick, very sick, even to the point of death. I dared not inform you of it. It has wrought a change. I shall lead a better life, hereafter; and we will live together joyful and contented, and in charity with all — will we not?'

What more they said on their way home it matters not. It was a happy, happy walk. How Saunders, sensible of the great responsibility

resting upon him, gloried in his journey ; stepping along so carefully that he did not once awaken the sleeping infant.

Mrs. Browning, when the men left for the search, laid her babe upon the bed, and stood in the door watching their retreating figures. When they had disappeared, she, scarcely aware of it, heaped the wood upon the fire till it roared and crackled like a huge furnace. She then sat down at a distance from the blaze, and awaited the return. She had, however, little hope of seeing her daughter again that night, and she feared the worst. How her thoughts went out into the night seeking for her girl ; how many prayers she sent up for her safety ! What length of time she sat there she knew not. She was roused by the opening of the door. Her daughter stood before her. Their clasping of one another, their weeping upon one another, the ineffable rapture and overflowing of the fulness of joy — who shall tell ? Not they who beheld it, for their eyes were blinded with tears ; not they who saw it not, for language, with all the glory that imagination ever gave, could not depict it ; but there was *joy* in the house that night, or rather that morning, for now the *New-Year* had begun. In a moment Saunders entered with the babe. Susan received it from his hands, looked at it, saw that all was well, kissed it, and handed it to Fred, who gazed upon it, kissed it, and gave it to her again. The excitement beginning to die away, Susan sank rapidly. Restoratives were applied, and in an hour she was sleeping calmly and quietly with her baby by her side. The old Dutch clock in the corner struck four, when Browning, gathering the other three about the fire-side, rendered thanks to HEAVEN for the sovereign mercies bestowed upon him and his family ; and, in a few moments after, the whole house was hushed in slumber.

CLEAR, cloudless, and beautiful came the day. How the sun poured upon the house of Browning its golden shower and gladness ! How it clasped the old weather-stained walls in its great arms of light ; how it crept into every nook and cranny, and fell in glory through the windows, on the floor, filling the silent room, even up to the great hearth-stone, with a flood of warmth and exultation ! The light in the window of the old blacksmith was relumed, and the fire on his hearth rekindled. Yea, and the all-bounteous and life-giving orb smote with his swift beams that thin, light snow, and it melted ; so that when the sleepers arose to the music of a caged robin hanging in the window, those small and delicate foot-prints, coming, going, and returning, had vanished, were obliterated for ever. So, beneath the sunshine of love, charity, forgiveness, from the memories of the inmates of that house, were all wrongs, all rashness, all blame, all bitterness, all harshness, and all hardship blotted out for ever. They thanked HEAVEN for it.

Susan still slept ; but her sleep was free from all care and pain, and they knew when she awoke she would be fresh, and fair, and hale as ever ; save in respect of fatigue, and the effect of mental suffering. The children, who had seen her depart the night before, glad to learn that she had returned, would just open the door and peep through to see sister Susy as she slept, and then come away on tip-toe clapping

their hands, but so softly that they made no noise. Mrs. Browning bustled about with the greatest importance, for there was to be a New-Year's dinner in the house ere night-fall ; and there was the best room to be swept, and set in order for company. There were chickens and turkeys to roast. Then Mr. and Mrs. Carson (so Fred, who had been to the village for various articles, and purchased presents for the children, said) were to be there in the afternoon — and they were the richest people in town.

Susan awoke about noon, quite well, and dressed herself. There were traces of her sorrow that with her utmost care she could not efface. She wished, noble girl, that not a single trait or lineament should remind her loved-ones of what had passed ; and so she felt stronger than she was, and went about the house singing snatches of her old songs, and filling the children with merriment by her pleasant and funny ways. But strong as she thought and said she was, by two o'clock it was necessary for her to keep her chair. At about three o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Carson made their appearance. They were very grand and formal people, and the children were very shy ; but Fred was with them, and a right royal fellow they said he was, and so they were not afraid. He had told his parents of his marriage to Susan, of her faithfulness, and her patient suffering, and of his own love and reformation ; and they embraced her, and kindly kissed her, and called her daughter. And old bachelor Saunders was there, laughing and talking, rubbing his hands with glee, and blessing his stars that he had fallen on such happy times. Then, in the great kitchen, where great logs were piled and blazing in the great chimney, the table was spread with all things good of rural cheer. At five o'clock they lit the candles and sat down to the New-Year's dinner. Yes, all — the blacksmiths, the children, mother, those grand and formal people, Fred, and Susan in the large rocking-chair — all sat down together. Did Browning always say grace so fervently ? And while the fire roared and crackled, the knives and forks clicked and rattled ; and they eat, and talked, and laughed, and wept together ; blacksmiths, children, those grand and formal people, mother, Fred, and Susan — all together. So when they rose from the table, old things had passed away ; all was forgiven, forgotten, and confirmed. Thus they kept the *Happy New-Year's Day*.

And Fred, as he laid his head upon his pillow by the side of his wife that night, felt, as he pressed her to his bosom, that without a fond and faithful heart, wherein all the affections may be garnered up, this world is nothing worth ; and that pure and fervent love, the one thing God-like which our first parents brought out of Paradise, is far more, and exceeding all its pomp, power, and magnificence. And as she told him of her hopes and fears, the alternating trust and despair that he came not ; how she had

'STRAINED her inner eyes till dim,  
To see the coming glory swim  
Through the rich mist of happy tears ;'

of her pangs ; of the entreaties and threatenings, the shame and sorrow of her parents ; of her short but terrible wanderings in the winter's night ; of her woes and sufferings, her desperation and suicidal resolu-

tions ; her walk upon the ice ; her lingering by the glittering water ; the final triumph of her faith in him, her husband, and in HEAVEN ; her shelter beneath the roots of the tree ; her drowsiness, and the fearful comfort of the benumbing cold, and her dream, so timely broken and so happily fulfilled ; he thanked God who had made her his — so good, so beautiful, and so true, and wept like a child. Mingling their tears they fell asleep.

So closed the *Happy New-Year's Day*.

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W I N T E R   I N   T H E   C O U N T R Y .

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BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

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THE winter moon rides high,  
The yellow moon shines bright;  
The frosty stars, like jewels,  
Entwine the brow of Night,  
And the wintry winds are calling,  
And the feathery flakes are falling.

The snow shines on the roof,  
The snow drifts o'er the street;  
Road-side and field are sprinkled  
With the sharp translucent sleet.  
Big icicles hang from the wall  
Like spar in grottoes dim;  
And a polished shield is thick enclasp'd  
Around the old oak-limb;  
While sparkling crystals on each twig  
In liquid lustre swim.

The brook hath lost its merry song,  
And ceased its playful chase:  
O'er glistening lake a rosy throng  
Of skaters ply their race;  
The water-wheel is choked with ice,  
Nor turns its dripping beam;  
Mute rests the frozen water-fall,  
Mute rests the frosty stream.

The snow-birds perch on the garden-rail,  
The earth denies them food;  
Under the hemlock mopes the quail,  
With her half-perished brood;  
And the partridge shivereth as the gale  
Howls through th' inclement wood.  
The cattle haste to the friendly barn,  
The sheep to their folds repair;  
The dame by the fire-side spins the yarn;  
Her goodman nods in his chair;  
While children crowd to the chimney-nook,  
Intent on frolic, or pictured book.

## T H E   D E A D .

BY THOMAS H. HOWARD.

My thoughts march outward, solemn as a train  
 Of martial men, trampling with hasty tread  
 The mid-night street: across my throbbing brain  
 They march to meet the Dead.

Out in the stillness, where no echoes beat  
 Unresting sounds against the silent air,  
 In undulating armies, spirit-feet  
 Glide softly everywhere.

Softly and swiftly glide the true evangels,  
 Where light and love, like golden rain, are shed;  
 'We seek not ye,' my Thoughts said to the angels,  
 'We march to meet the Dead.'

'The Dead are we,' said they: my soul expanding,  
 Drank in the liquid sound — THE DEAD ARE WE:  
 'We seekers are, who seek the understanding  
 Of men that will not see.

'By day and night, our hope, and our endeavor,  
 Are reaching inward to the hearts of men;  
 By day and night, we strive against the Never  
 That seems to shroud the When.

'Go back, brave Thoughts, and struggle for the holy,  
 Drag upward Mind from uncongenial gloom:  
 Cry out aloud, 'Ascend!' to all the lowly;  
 Shout 'Life!' through all the tombs.

'Clothe yourselves sweetly in melodious measures;  
 For from angelic choirs the music rolls,  
 And song is of the earth's divinest treasures,  
 In harmonizing souls.

'From our exhaustless love are ever springing  
 The tides, wherein man's glowing heart rejoices,  
 And ceaselessly earth's heavenly minds are ringing  
 With songs of heavenly voices.

'So say, brave Thoughts, we are the Dead, who ever,  
 With love undying, watch the homes of men,  
 And day and night, we strive against the Never  
 That seems to shroud the When.'

My Thoughts marched inward, joyful as a train  
 Of angels — I to all the earth replying:  
 Oh! call not ye the dead 'The Dead' again,  
 For they are the Undying.

*New-Orleans.*

VOL. XLVII.

## MAN THE CHILD OF MERCY.\*

WHEN the Omniscient GIVER of all life,  
 In HIS eternal council first conceived  
 The thought of man's creation, forth HE called  
 Into HIS presence three bright ministers —  
 JUSTICE, and TRUTH, and MERCY, that for ever  
 Had hovered around HIS throne — and thus HE spake:  
 'Shall we make man?' Then JUSTICE stern replied:  
 'Create him not; for he will trample on  
 THY holy Law.' And TRUTH, too, answering, said:  
 'Create him not, O GOD! he will pollute  
 THY sanctuary.' When forth MERCY came,  
 And dropping on her knees, exclaimed: 'O God!  
 Create him! I will watch his wandering steps,  
 And tender guide through all the darksome paths  
 That he may tread.' Then forthwith GOD made man,  
 And said: 'Thou art the child of MERCY: go!  
 In mercy with thy erring brother deal!'

D. W. C. ROBERTS.

## Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

## MY COLLEGE FRIEND, BOSWORTH FIELD.

I FIRST met my friend, Bosworth Field, at a time when he was likely to have made an impression upon me. He did make an impression. We swore eternal friendship, and it lasted with his life. He is gone now, poor fellow, where friendships are indeed not in name sempiternal. I sit down now to jot a few hasty lines to his memory. Who could then have thought such a joyous, rollicking spirit as he, would be making draughts upon the tears of his sorrowing friend before he had half reached 'his prime!'

I shall never forget our first encounter. We were Fresh men together at Yale College in 1838. It was the evening of our first day. A memorable day in the life of a college-student. We had both rooms assigned us on the ground-floor front, of the oldest of those prison-like buildings that divide the college-green, 'Old South-Middle.' Our rooms were on opposite sides of the south entry. It was about nine o'clock. I had been 'studying hard' at my tasks for the ensuing day. I was badly 'fitted' for college, as the phrase is. I wished to make the best appearance I could. The task was light enough, if I had been permitted to give my attention to it; but there lay the difficulty.

It was the first night of an hundred students' Sophomore year. The 'Sophs' had just ceased to be 'Fresh,' and by virtue of a time-honored

\* A beautiful conceit, of which Judge CRITTENDEN is said to be the author, in prose; I have taken the liberty to re-model it in verse, as being well worthy of preservation.



custom in the college, this night was a Saturnalia among them. If all the practical jokes in the world had been put in use that night at once by the 'Sophs,' it seemed to me as if they would not have given vent for all the mischief the rogues contained. We miserable Fresh-men were their victims. Field had a 'chum,' or room-mate, whose visage was suggestive to the 'Sophs;' it invited experiment; it held out opportunity for their peculiar deviltry. This 'chum' was a green back-countryman, who had grown and lived to manhood, but was yet 'in the leading-strings' of Minerva. Seth Barnabas Rock was the name he rejoiced in. Any rock would have been typical of his mind; for a more barren sterility I never encountered in a human intellect that fell short of idiocy.

If I were a very serious man, and not disposed to be a trifler, I would cut short the thread of my story and moralize now for an hour or more upon the criminal folly so often exhibited by foolish parents and kind-hearted, charitable old ladies, in persuading or permitting such men as poor Rock to undertake the toil of a collegiate education. Poor fellow! he labored like a quarry-slave four long years, and at the end, although in his thirtieth year, a studious boy of fourteen would have non-plussed him in his favorite studies.

As I was saying, Field's 'chum' had been found out by the 'Sophs,' and 'marked for their own.' Field's room was the principal scene of action, and the shadow under my windows they had selected as a place of ambuscade. Their mode of warfare was of the Indian or Guerilla order. They trusted rather more to the agility of their heels in eluding pursuit after a stealthy onset, than to any valiant prowess in cutting their way through opposition. They would make a brief bombardment, perhaps carrying the door from its fastenings, and extinguishing the lights in Field's room, and not unlikely following it up by a shower of unsavory missiles, and then retreat to their hiding-place. Whenever the infuriated victim attempted to detect or capture his assailants, they sprang upon him from their place of concealment, under cover of night, and soon made him repent of his bravery.

This border warfare upon my neighbor's territory might not have disturbed me very greatly, had not the spirit of mischief abroad been too virulent to be satisfied with a modicum of fun. But the mad-caps, while maturing fresh plans of assault upon my neighbor, diverted themselves by an occasional sortie by way of interlude for my benefit. At one time a cane would be poked through a pane of glass in my window, with a startling jingle; at another, a syringe would be thrust into the friendly aperture, and a stream of fresh spring-water would describe a graceful parabola over my reading-desk, in a drizzling shower upon my head, and through my hair upon my books.

I had prepared my mind for this sort of petty annoyance, and believing the shortest way to prevent its continuance was not to heed it, kept on with my studies, and bore it very philosophically, apparently giving no attention to the matter; I determined to finish my task for the next day, come what might come. After a period, through much tribulation this was accomplished, and I then began to feel that I had borne my probation, and it was unnecessary to endure these one-sided, practical jokes any longer.

However, for a little time there had been a cessation of hostility, and it being now about eleven at night, I began to believe the storm was over, and thought about getting to bed, when I was startled from my fancied security by a most tremendous crash at my neighbor's door, as of a catapult discharged, which must, at least, have carried away its hinges, (if any had survived to this time,) and a Parthian kick at my own, in passing, that smashed its barricades into infinitesimal fragments, and sent it spinning and trembling open into the room. I rushed spasmodically into the entry, fully determined to inflict condign punishment upon the first wretch I overtook, and clasped a youth in my arms. It was my neighbor Bosworth Field! He had emerged at the same tocsin as myself. He was vowing vengeance as he rushed headlong in the dark, and his meek 'chum' Barnabas was bringing up the rear, snivelling in meek despair.

I invited Field into my room. A fellow-feeling made us friends from the start. He recounted the perils of the night. He was far more observant than myself. He had recognized the voice of the ring-leader of the gang of his tormentors. He had, as he said, 'come the King Alfred over them,' and had entered their camp in disguise while they lay entrenched under my window. He had learned all their plans. He unfolded them to me, and we set our heads at work to devise means to give them a re-payment in their own coin. The leader occupied a room on the floor over our heads.

Their mode of proceeding, as revealed to Field's espionage was this: after they had plagued us to their satisfaction, they were to adjourn to the 'J—— House,' (a favorite hotel in those days,) have a jolly supper, and, on their return, call and see us, to condole with us concerning the scandalous doings of their class-mates, which they (poor lambs!) had partly heard of, and partly restrained, but could not prevent. While expressing their profound sympathy, they were also each to be supplied with a large pipe, and a common kind of tobacco, and to give us a benefit with their score of smokers, in our small, close chambers, just as we were about to retire for the night. Having driven us from our rooms by the smoke, they were to lock our doors, carry away the keys, assemble in the room of their champion over-head, and with cards and wine make a night of it. A pretty beginning, truly, for a year's study of these fledgelings.

Finding it useless to attempt resistance, without an unmanly appeal to the authorities, we set about preparing the most deserved reception for our distinguished guests. As soon as they had fairly gotten out of hearing, Field forced the door of the strategos of the party of marauders, and with the aid of a class-mate who dropped in my room, just as we had matured our plans, (De Graffenreid, a tall, handsome fellow, who afterwards left college hastily, by reason of some unworthy distrust of the Faculty,) Rock, Field, and myself soon quietly emptied the rooms of their contents, even to the carpet. We noiselessly carried all the furniture into the middle of the college-green, and piled it up in a pyramidal shape, making a mound some ten feet high, and surmounting the whole with a calf's head, taken from the stall of a neighboring butcher.

The steward's cow was dozing in the street near by, and by Cyclopean efforts we managed to abduct her, and tuck her up for the night in the empty bed-room of our Augean hero. The next step was to perfume the room for the retreat of our friendly revellers, after their return from their Circean orgies, and paying their devoirs to us. Field was absent a few moments, and returned from Dow's with a capacious bottle of asafetida. This he dispensed liberally up and down the room, with as much unction as if it had been myrrh and frankincense in the bower of the lady of his heart. Lest there might be a charge of partiality, he reserved a portion, which he bestowed upon the pyramid on the college-green.

What 'devilish engine' might next have been contrived by the fertile brain of Field, is left to conjecture; for at this stage of our proceedings we heard the noise of the merry party returning across the college-yard, singing with discordant voices, echoing far into the depths of night:

'Roll-a-roll-a-rido, ring-a-ding-a-dido,' etc.

We beat a hasty retreat to our rooms, and retiring to our 'respective rooms,' waited the reception of our guests. They soon arrived, 'armed cap-a-pie.' With pipes in hand they swarmed into my room to honor me with the first visit. I invited them, some twenty in number, to sit as they best might, upon chairs and in the window-seats, and upon the bed. They offered De Graffenreid (who stopped with me to see the fun out) and myself pipes. To their surprise, De Graffenreid accepted, and being an inveterate smoker himself, smoked freely, (though he afterwards told me their tobacco was the vilest he ever smelt,) throwing out immense whiffs and clouds of smoke, which he carelessly puffed into the faces of those on either side of him. They grew a little uneasy at this; still, we talked so unsuspectingly of the outrages that had been perpetrated upon us by some persons to us unknown, their suspicions were allayed.

Still they glanced from time to time at the meek and sober face of De Graffenreid, as he would utter some equivocal, as if they were not quite assured of his seeming innocence. At length, to amuse them, he read some words from a quaint old author lying upon my table, and dwelt with such peculiar emphasis upon them, that a thrill went through the party, that made it evident they began to fancy they were quizzed. The words were somewhat like these: 'There be sometymes manye that do goe oute to gathyer woole, that do come home shorne.' Things had just reached this crisis, when, bang! swizzle! swash! the door flew open, and two immense buckets of water, with murderous aim were discharged into my room. By a marvel, (I guess,) De Graffenreid and myself were the only dry parties in the room. The fluid was as effective as the boiling oil upon the Forty Thieves. The lights were out, and the pipes were out, and the band fled like drowning rats from a sinking ship.

They rushed up-stairs in 'most admired disorder,' leaving De Graffenreid, Field, and myself, dissolved in inextinguishable laughter. They plunged pell-mell into the festal hall, so daintily arrayed for their reception, to drown their sorrows and dry their clothes. Here

was a scene. They were crowded into the narrow entry in the dark, as they fell back dismayed at the perfume that saluted their nostrils, and at the spectacle of the bare walls and floor of the room, the light of a match revealed to them. What an infernal uproar!

‘WITHIN that dark and narrow dell,  
At once there rose as wild a yell,  
As if the fiends from heaven that fell  
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell.’

Stamping and stumbling head-long down-stairs, they came and set about searching for the ravished contents of their friend's room, but were unsuccessful. By this time, too, their noise had waked the drowsy tutors, who were rushing about frantically, capturing whom they might, and placing them in close custody of each other, until, like the boys sliding on the ice, who ‘all fell in,’ all were caught, and ‘the rest did run away,’ so that when the captives were counted, there were none left except the tutors themselves.

Where the Agamemnon of the valiant party pitched his tent that night we never knew. But the next morning, (for there always will be, as Bulwer says, a ‘next morning’ after a revel,) the Fresh-man Class had many a merry jeer at the crest-fallen hero and his prospects in rural retirement, with his tent pitched upon the college-green, and his bucolic gallantry, that with a modesty worthy of Don Quixote, had impelled him to vacate his bed-chamber for the steward's cow! After all, the ‘Sophis’ were very well, and as fair retaliation, they confessed themselves ‘sold.’ Field and myself (who were instantly guessed at as the workers of this enchantment, came into great favor with them, and had many warm friends in their class ever after through college life.

My friend Bosworth Field stuck close to me to the end of our collegiate course. He was a hearty friend, and an ardent advocate of my interests on every occasion. He was a fine mathematical scholar, and often helped me out in some of our more difficult problems. It was exhilarating to see him cut his way like an arrow through a mathematical enigma that puzzled me almost to stupefaction. It seemed the work of intuition. It was not an effort of reason or memory. It cost him no time, and no labor. A few minutes’ glance to see what was the proposition, and *presto*, Q. E. D. This secured him the favor of the college faculty. He stood high as a scholar, although he really devoted little time to the prescribed course of study. But it was the theory of this institution, that the object of college education was to *discipline*, and not to *furnish* or *accomplish* the mind, and that the mathematical studies best accomplished that end. Of course, as in all general maxims touching human conduct, this latter proposition was both true and false. The boys to whom mathematics were difficult (*hæud inexpertus loquor*) saw the notion was false somewhere, and ignored them without stopping to see precisely where the truth lay. The truth was, I suspect, that those who cried out against mathematical studies as dry or troublesome, and stagnating to the faculties, and bewildering to the memory, were precisely those who stood most in need of just such discipline, while to those who mastered their labyrinthine myste-

ries with facility, (and had no purpose of pursuing science,) they were less useful than the more elegant studies of classic literature, for which they had duller tastes and less prehensile capacities.

Field carried off some of the best honors of the class. He had the good wishes of every class-mate, and was that rare bird, a man of brains without an enemy. Every body spoke well of him, and yet he was no fool. How this miracle was managed, I never could thoroughly understand, though I often puzzled over it. Had he lived to mature life, he would have made his mark; but 'whom the gods love die young.' He went away to the South after leaving college, and I lost sight of him for a year or two, until I heard of his death while prosecuting his professional study. It was my sad lot to lose my dearest college friends by immeasurable separations or by early death. Light lie the earth upon thee. Alas! poor Bosworth Field!

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## T H E   L O V E R S '   H O M E .

A SCENE FROM BULWER'S ZANONI.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

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THERE is an island in the Ionian seas  
 Well known in Grecian history — where Spring  
 Disportive, throws her greening mantle down;  
 The glorious landscape smiling on the slave  
 As sweet as on the sullen Moslem lord:  
 Here had the lovers fixed their bridal home.  
 For miles and miles, the perfumed airs swept o'er  
 The blue translucent deep. Seen from its heights  
 The isle one broad delicious garden seemed!  
 Where Beauty sat enthroned, and, prodigal  
 Of all her charms, seemed half to justify  
 Those graceful superstitions of a creed  
 That too enamored bound — the rather brought  
 The Duties to earth, than man to heaven!  
 Still here the fisherman as in olden time  
 Wove antique dances on the shining sand  
 With silver tibula; the Grecian maid  
 Her glossy tress adorned beneath the tree  
 That shadowed o'er her tranquil cottage-home.  
 It was the loveliest little isle of all  
 That decked the bosom of that divine sea!  
 Their cot was from the city far removed,  
 By one of numerous bays that notched the shore;  
 And on the sea, in sight, their vessel rode;  
 And Indians gravely, to their household wants  
 Did minister. No spot more beautiful  
 No solitude could less invaded be.  
 What heeded they the babbling, garish world  
 Without? all things forgetting, and forgot,  
 Save by each other and propitious HEAVEN!

## T H E B U R I A L - P L A C E .

BY J. SWETT.

In this lone spot where green trees shed  
Their cooling shade,  
Calmly and sweetly sleep the dead  
Beneath them laid.

The busy city's ceaseless hum  
Disturbs them not;  
Here toil and strife can never come,  
A holy spot.

In this still city of the dead  
No wild unrest,  
No search for gold with hurrying tread,  
No aching breast.

Around the graves the wild flowers smile,  
Kind vigils keeping,  
The dead seem but to rest awhile,  
So calmly sleeping.

And rolling in on ocean's shore,  
Pacific's surge  
Is deeply pealing evermore,  
A funeral dirge.

Tread lightly! and in trusting prayer  
Look up above;  
No sorrow casts its shadow there,  
All light and love!

And list the voices that speak  
Their holy feeling,  
Breathed to the lowly and the meek  
In spirit healing.

With strengthened hearts for toil and strife,  
Lend cheerful face,  
Then leave, to live a purer life,  
This burial-place.

Let not the lesson of the day  
Be vainly given;  
But guide the soul upon its way  
To God and heaven!

*Lone Mountain Cemetery (San Francisco.)*



## CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

MR. KNICK-NACKS: With the exception of the preface to an epic poem, called, 'Ma-Ka-Tai-Me-She-Kia-Kiak, or Black Hawk, and Scenes in the West,' by Elbert H. Smith, a famous composition, inflated to the largest limits which the subject would admit, the most amusing instance of literary self-esteem which I know of will be found in the preface to an excellent work, entitled, 'The Fairy Mythology, Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries, by THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, author of the Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy, etc.'

There is the utmost difference between these two authors, both in literary accomplishment, and the actual merit of their works. They are apart *toto celo*. Yet they are alike in this. They are both industrious in the collection of legendary lore, and notwithstanding the exhaustive labors of Keightley, and his familiarity with many languages, (eighteen or twenty he declares,) the immortal Smith had access to some treasures which he never dreamed of, and which are well worthy of being added to his stores. There are many delicate and exquisite fictions incorporated in the traditions of the American Indian tribes, quite worthy to be classified among the mythology of the ancients and that of the northern bards, and for this it is necessary to know Mohawk, to know Montauk, Choctaw, Iroquois, *et al.*

These authors are also alike in the exalted opinion which each has of himself — a self-gratification so frankly and candidly expressed, as almost entirely to divest it of the odium which attaches to such quality, and to provoke a genial smile. Have you ever read 'Black Hawk?' If not you should try to do it, and it would be a *great trial*, for which the way would, however, be adequately paved by a commendatory preface truly *naïve* and delicious in style. 'Black Hawk' is an epic poem which follows hard on the steps of Poppy Emmons; in many cantos, and an innumerable number of stanzas, and lines without number — line upon line. It records all the exploits of that great warrior, and branches off into many episodes, which would remind you of the loves of Dido or Æneas:

'I SING (says he) of love and wedlock, death and life,  
Of pioneers and heroes, peace and strife;  
Of countries new, and settlements begun,  
Of fortunes sometimes lost and sometimes won;  
Of justice, liberty, and equal right,  
And paint to fancy scenes of rare delight;  
Of mines of silver, copper, golden ore,  
Proclaim the tidings far from shore to shore.'

The opening of the poem is rich and grand, a little ragged, it is true, like the first notes of a trumpeter blowing through the brass at the head of a cavalcade, but the mellow and mellifluous notes are for to come. Remark how it steps off:

'AMERICANS! magnanimous of soul,  
 With hearts as warm, as generous and as free,  
 As that pure atmosphere in which ye breathe,  
 Come listen while I sing of one poor man,  
 The self-taught hero, aboriginal,  
 Of the Indian race his genealogy —  
 Illustrious, so deserving of renown,  
 And causes which impelled him to the war;  
 His mighty deeds, his perils, dangers, labors,  
 Endured long time for his loved people's sake.  
 With phraseology and lofty thoughts sublime,  
 Fit for the theme, may heavenly powers inspire me!'

This is the Invocation, not to the heathen muse or goddess, but to the heavenly Christian powers, and the epic having been executed under the stimulus whence it started, the author, to conclude his work, wrote the beginning — a very good plan.

The poem is resplendent with his genius, the preface with his amiable frailty, the sweetest and most toothsome vanity, which can only be apologized for by stanzas of true merit, like these, which may be found thickly strewed and glittering through the Milky Way of this immense epic :

'NIAGARA roars, and so does Genesee,  
 SAM PATCH went on his way most merrily,  
 Oft jumping down these falls from highest steep,  
 Disdainful of the shortness of the leap.  
 At length he built a scaffold 'bove the falls;  
 Shudders the mind when up this scene it calls;  
 The most adventurous leaper of his time  
 Prepared to make another more sublime;  
 The day was fixed, a multitude came near,  
 To witness such a feat as gave them fear  
 Far more intense than the adventurer felt  
 Before the throne of grace he had not knelt;  
 As all did think they'd done in such a case,  
 And of the GREAT DELIVERER sought grace.  
 Some said he lost his balance in his fall,  
 Some said that brandy was the cause of all.  
 The maddening gulf sent up a hideous roar,  
 And opening wide its mouth him to devour,  
 Received him in unmeasured depths below,  
 Closed over him for ever, son of wo!'

In order to justify the author's good opinion of himself, and make the public think as he does, about the merit of the poem, which has never received that notice which its length and laborious execution demand, we will quote a few of its sublime and more impressive passages, simply remarking that they are not merely the glittering ridges and sun-lit promontories of creative thought, while all the intervals are desolate and barren; they are but fair specimens of the whole. Speaking of the River St. Lawrence, one of the most notable that ever rolled into the sea, (who that has gazed upon its rapids, or sailed among its thousand islands, can ever forget it? Who that has ever listened to the Canadian boat-song, while borne upon its waves, will not return the echoes?) the poet says :

St. LAWRENCE is a most tremendous river,  
 Extremely deep, and draining almost all  
 Those lakes and inland seas with all their streams  
 On North-America's great bosom lie :

Is here a rocky precipice poured down,  
Of perpendicular height, of vast descent,  
A sheet of water full six furlongs wide,  
For ever flowing without variation,  
And unaffected by what rains or storms  
Or drought may come, as thus far has been proved.'

Of Cleveland he discourseth thus :

'SURE, said he, Cleveland is a handsome city,  
Not better here described, it is a pity.  
Fain would the minstrel furnish something better  
Wê'r't not that he sustains a timely fetter.

'The fetter is, that something must be said,  
And what is written, be it good or bad,  
Must find publicity — so let it go :  
Happily it proves no person's weal or wo.

'Cleveland has handsome architectural domes,  
And beauteous people at their beauteous homes ;  
Industrious, moral, peaceful, good, and wise,  
And healthful walls and towers that proudly rise.'

But we must recur to the preface. 'The account given of the genealogy of Black Hawk,' says the author, 'together with his whole history, *will be found interesting* ; also the various scenes in the West herein described, cannot but be perused with pleasure by all who recollect them, while their relation will be more especially novel, interesting, and delightful, to all those who never heard of them before.'

'To the lovers of literature, and especially to the admirers of the art of poesy, it is *presumed this work will afford great pleasure and delight* ; while to those who are not in the same degree *capable of perceiving and relishing its beauties*, it cannot fail to be a source of information that will abundantly repay the cost.'

'The question may naturally arise, why the author did not compose the whole in rhyme. To which he answers, that he is partial to blank verse, and originally intended to compose the whole in this style ; but the constant tendency to rhyme continually furnished him as he went along, with *beautiful couplets*, some of which he has retained among the blank verse, considering blank verse as the base, so that he has now in such a variety of styles *something that will suit all tastes and classes of readers*. The author might multiply reasons for the course taken, if necessary. He might say that *Shakspeare* did so ; that this is a day of innovation on the learning of the past ; and as it was with the Israelites in early times, so has it become with us now ; for in those days there was no king in the land, and every man did according to that which seemed right in his own eyes.'

Very prettily said. If any one does not think well of himself, no body else will think well of him : that's clear. It is a monstrous mistake in morals, that a man is not to treat himself with as much liberality as others, and that he should not on all occasions be kind and just and liberal to himself ; to cherish of himself a good opinion, and inwardly and 'out loud' to say *bravo*, if he is satisfied that he deserves it. Charity begins at home. It is the true and Scripture rule also, and the

only standard which we have, to love your neighbor *as yourself* — not better. He, therefore, who has a mean and contemptible opinion of his own works, especially if they are literary, is not prepared to do justice to others. That's clear. No one has the genius to accomplish a great work (like Black Hawk) who is not as well fitted to judge of its merits, as any one else; and even more so, for that matter, when in such a vast and prairie-like bloom he is the creator of every flower, can take you along through the rows and terraces of verse, and show where they are, and hold their fragrance up to your olfactory nerves, and point out the elusive beauties which shrink with coy and native shyness behind great masses of words, as well as those which are nearly buried up in the same. When you read a preface to a poem like that of Elbert H. Smith's, it is very much as when a man meets you at the gate of his garden, and swinging it gayly on the hinge, introduces you to all its abundance of sweets, and here he plucks a rose-bud, and there a bunch of grapes, and in the midst of buzzing bees and the fragrance of thyme, and the pleasant influences which proceed from the *clod*, you go away a charmed man.

KEIGHTLEY has written a charming book, the best of its kind — and he says so. It exhausts, as nearly as human industry could do, the fairy mythology of all ages and countries, that of the New World excepted. It tells you all about the Peris of Persia, and the Genii of Arabic romance, about the Elves, the Dwarfs, the Nisses, and the Mer-men of northern lands; about the fairies, pixies, brownies of merry England and her isles. It is an indispensable volume for the student captivated by such lore. Curious as the work is, the preface is more so. Of a previous book on a similar subject, which the author had written, he speaks thus:

'I never heard of any one who read it that was not *pleased with it*. It was translated into German as soon as it appeared, and was very favorably received. Dr. Jacob Grimm wrote me a letter commending it. I was one Christmas most agreeably surprised by the receipt of a letter from the celebrated Orientalist, Jos. Van Hammer, informing me that it had been the companion of a journey, and had afforded much pleasure and information to himself and some ladies of high rank and cultivated minds. In this country, when I mention the name of Robert Southey as that of one who has more than once expressed his decided approbation of this performance, I am sure I shall have said quite enough to satisfy any one that the work is *not devoid of merit*.' Of his Outlines of History he takes occasion to say: 'Whatever the faults of that work may be, no one has ever reckoned among them *want of vigor in either thought or expression*.'

'In its present form,' speaking of his work on Fairies, he says, 'I am presumptuous enough to expect that it may *live for many years*, and be an authority on the subject of popular lore. The active industry of Grimms, of Thiele, and others, etc., etc. I came then and gathered in the harvest, *leaving little, I apprehend, but gleanings, for future writers on this subject*. It is not likely that any one will relate what I have given over again.'

Presuming that nothing which concerned himself can be uninterest-

ing to those who were delighted with his fairy fictions, he cannot restrain the desire to speak of his own family.

‘Juvenal himself did not hold family pride in less esteem than I do, yet when the strain is good it may be pardoned. I have never, therefore, spoken of my family; but now that it seems on the point of extinction, (such is human weakness,) I cannot refrain from telling what it was in former days. *I am then, by descent, a gentleman, of ancient and respectable family.*’

Recurring again to his book, he proceeds: ‘This is certainly my most important work, and I know nothing like it in modern literature. *With respect to style, the vital principle of a book, a most competent judge has pronounced it to be the most elegant work on a classic subject in this or any other language.* There is surely then nothing overweening in expecting that it may be read many years hence.’

Finally, of his own works in general, Mr. Keightley sums up thus:

‘Any one who clears away obscurities from the works of the great writers of ancient or modern times, may be sure that his name at least will survive. I have explained much that was obscure in the Latin classics. I am the first who has treated Sallust as an historian, and who was really acquainted with the subjects and the scenery of Virgil’s rural poetry. It is surely some merit to have been able to throw additional light on Horace. It is not unworthy of notice, that I seem to be the only native of Ireland whose writings on classic subjects have met with approbation in this country or on the Continent. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge, I am sure, would blush to own my labors in this department. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, judging, it would seem, that I *had a power of lucid expression beyond most persons*, urged me, etc. If general praise and extensive sale be proof of success, I have succeeded in what I undertook. *They are yet unrivalled, and may long be unsurpassed.* My History of England is generally allowed to be the one most free from party spirit; that of India to be the best manual for the servants of the Company; while *mine is actually the best History of Rome in any language, and my Outlines of History is, one may say, unique.* My sphere of usefulness is surely not a narrow one. I have done my duty to my country — none more faithfully.’

Well done, good and faithful servant! Of all the books which have been ever written since the world began, and in the making of them there is no end, probably no author ever thought better of himself. Was ever any thing so *unique*? All the amiable vanity so profusely distributed among the *literati* in general, and small scribblers in particular, seems to be concentrated in the worthy Keightley; but as neither himself, nor ELBERT H., who follows *longo intervallo* in his footsteps, notwithstanding the commendation which each gives himself, is ever likely to get an equal quantity from the public; as ‘Black Hawk’ will only live when Homer is forgotten, and as the interest in popular superstitions may possibly die with the superstitions themselves, I have taken pains to recall the above, and to ask you to embalm them in the amber of your pages, as something which Disraeli himself would consider as worthy of notice, and as curiosities of current literature.

SOLOMON WAGSTAFF.

## THE MESSENGER STAR

ALL bright in the glowing western sky,  
Where the sun had just departed,  
There shone a glorious star on high,  
'Twas watched by the weary-hearted.

It gleamed in the lofty azure vault,  
With hope and with love resplendent;  
An exquisite gem without a fault,  
On the brow of evening pendent.

Its ray o'er the rippling waters gleamed,  
In a quiet laugh of gladness;  
And falling on his heart, he dreamed  
It would chase away his sadness.

His softened eyes gazed on that star  
As it shone in holy brightness:  
And he whispered low, that naught could mar  
Its pure and heavenly whiteness.

But envious clouds crept slowly on,  
As stealthy traitors moving,  
Till they touched the orb he gazed upon,  
The power of its purity proving.

Scarce breathed he in his eager gaze,  
Was his fate bound up in its shining?  
Hope strove with fear, while its love-lit rays  
To each cloud lent a silver lining.

Yet the foe stole on, and that gem of night  
To the watcher's eye was paling;  
Anon 'twas hidden from his sight:  
He sighed, o'er its loss bewailing.

He looked again, and the planet fair  
Those treacherous clouds had riven,  
In fragments lying scattered there,  
Motes in the dark blue heaven.

In queenly beauty then moved she  
Amid the clear night's ether,  
And brighter, purer, seemed to be,  
For the broken clouds beneath her.

Then the watcher knew that the evil breath,  
That his fair name was staining;  
That pressed his spirit near to death,  
Would pass — no cloud remaining.

IRENE.



## THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

## NUMBER TWO.

IN WHICH MACE SLOPER LOOKS OVER THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS,  
CONTAINING HIS REMARKS THEREON, AND HIS EXPERIENCES THEREOF.

‘WANTED—A gentleman gifted with wealth,  
A perfect male-beauty in vigorous health,  
Good as to morals—of strictest sobriety,  
And who always has moved in the best of society.  
A man who in life has attained elevation,  
And had at a college a good education;  
A member of church, yet a person of spirit:  
As modest as may be, yet full of all merit.  
A man of the world with accomplishments many,  
And powers colloquial superior to any.  
If such man there be, who’s desirous of winning  
A lady, whose charms have no end, (or beginning,)  
He need but the fact in a single word mention,  
Which addressed to SAL SCRUB will meet instant attention.’

NEWSPAPER.

OF all ways of getting a wife, that of advertising seems to me to be about the straight-forwardest. Not being particularly smart myself, I’ve always dreaded the ins-and-outs, here-you-are-and-there-you-aunts, wriggle-come-twiggleries of a regular courtship. Either you are expected to go in and win and no bar, or the fair article wants you out of the way, or you desire to humbug her, or effect some equally meritorious manœuvre. A specimen of one of the mutual fixes to which a loving heart is thus liable, lies at this instant on the table before me, in the form of two letters which passed between my friend, Seth Grab, and a young lady. The documents tell their own story.

‘Boston, June 1, 18—.

‘DEAR SETH: The numerous and pointed attentions which I have received from you, constitute, in the opinion of all our folks, an offer of your hand with your heart in it, as a Philadelphia poet says. By declaring of yourself more positively you will greatly oblige  
Yours truly,  
SARAH CLIP.’

ANSWER.

‘Boston, June 2d, 18—.

‘HONORED MISS SARER: Accordin to your notions seven sarcers of ice-cream and fore plaits of iceters a Mount to an offer of maridge. Accordin to my siferin they come to 80 cents, alowen Six cents a sarcer, and four-pence a plait. I heer that you think of sewin me for Breech of Promis, but I think it much more resenable that i should sew you for Board.  
Yours til Death,  
SETH GRAB.’

‘P.S.—I left out the od quarter sents in kalkulatin the sarcers above mentioned. Never mind em. LET EM SLIDE!’

Now if Seth and Sarah’s first meeting had originated in an advertisement, there would have been no margin for misapprehension. ‘Wanted, a wife,’ is explicit. ‘Do you like me, or don’t you like me?’ is also explicit. There is no popping the question—*that’s* done already, a-head of first sight.

But though this all looks *petter as goot* at first squint, I—though not

naturally one of your 'cute sort — can plainly see and admit that in this, as in other things, the greater the dividend the greater the risk. There is no guarantee of your goods; (and, between you and me, there is no article which needs a guarantee more than the one in question;) and indeed half the time there is no *bona-fide* sale in the case. For it is a sorry fact that of one hundred matrimonial advertisements there are:

- 50 — manufactured by the editor himself.
- 20 — inserted as 'draws,' or 'sells,' by jolly young gentlemen.
- 20 — are baits set for *non-legitimate* purposes.
- 10 — are the thing itself.

*There's* a gauntlet for a modest man to run! Why, in some seasons, the entire capoodle of matrimonials are nothing but 'roorbacks.' Bless your innocent soul, do you suppose that every bullet of this sort, fired from among the 'PERSONALS,' has its particular billet? Not exactly!

There's a tremendous lot of *readers* of these same matrimonials, as the editors (sly fellows those editors!) well know. To borrow an idea, we may say that the arrangement works something 'so fash:'

FIRST DAY. — The matrimonials are neither seen nor noticed.

SECOND DAY. — They are seen without notice.

THIRD DAY. — They are noticed with a 'wonder if any body is goose enough to mind such stuff?'

FOURTH DAY. — The gentleman reader 'wonders if there's really a girl worth having who is so hard up for a beau as to have to advertise?'

FIFTH DAY. — He 'should n't wonder if there was.'

SIXTH DAY. — Believes he'll answer it — 'just for a flyer, to see what sort of an answer he'll get.'

SEVENTH DAY. — His troubles begin.

The editors of a certain paper in Philadelphia, are said to have attributed a pretty considerable share of their early success to the fact that they always employed an ingenious writer to manufacture for them a 'matrimonial' daily.

According to the records of the Police Courts, there are always one or two scamps about who contrive to pick up an *indecent* living by this sort of thing. I know of a case where a fellow got, in one day, six gold rings, 'to be used at the ceremony,' from as many unsuspecting and innocent girls. But let none of my readers be encouraged by the success of this operator, to attempt the same game. For he also got two very substantial lickings and a prosecution from brothers of the innocents aforesaid.

The unsoundness of matrimonial advertisements appears, clear as mud, in the fact that they are 'most always *in* for only a single insertion. Should think myself that if a man really wanted a wife, he'd be willing to go rather more than four shillings to start her up. Still the rule is 'nt clear grit, for a chap in Cincinnati who tried it on, a single time, found that it worked to a charm. In answer to his proclamation, he received seven hundred and ninety-four letters; thirteen daguerreo-

type likenesses of ladies ; two gold finger-rings ; seventeen locks of hair ; one copy of Ike Marvel's ' Reveries of a Bachelor ; ' one thimble ; two dozen shirt-buttons, and a cook-book ! And when I adopted the dodge myself, I got, at the very first flash — but this will come in, in due time.

From a batch of old papers I clip the annexed. Readers desirous of advertising, may use them as Complete Letter-Writer models. Concentrate and boil down their excellencies and recommendations into a single advertisement, and my young lady-readers may (after fixing it up rather fine,) regard it as the matrimonial prospectus of MACE SLOPER himself. N. B. — Please pay the postage :

**MATRIMONIAL.** — THE ADVERTISER, A GENTEEL YOUNG GENTLEMAN, in tolerably good circumstances, wishes to meet with a lady matrimonially predicted. She must be genteel. Genteel references given and required. Address, GENTLEMAN. Broadway Post-Office. 1t., 289.

**WANTED, A WIFE** by a YOUNG MAN 25 YEARS OF AGE, PREPOSSESSING in appearance, of excellent family, and a good moral character. *He wishes the lady to be single,* about his own age, rather good family, and good-looking. Please address with real name, X. Y. Z. Baltimore, Md.

**MATRIMONY.** — A YOUNG MAN OF LIMITED MEANS, BUT WITH A NOBLE heart and willing hands, wishes to form an acquaintance with some fair one possessing youth and beauty. Should any one be imprudent enough to reply to this, a note addressed to — — — Post-Office shall be hailed as the key of his future destiny.

The following appeared in the New-York *Herald*, April 4, 1854 :

**MATRIMONIAL.** — THREE YOUNG LADIES DESIRING HUSBANDS, HAVE taken for their model the character of Augustine St. Clair, in Uncle Tom's Cabin. None need apply except those who are fully equal to the aforesaid character. The young ladies are all that any reasonable gentleman would require. Address — — —, New-York.

**A RARE CHANCE.** — A YOUNG WIDOW, WHO ANSWERS TO THE POETIC name of Eva, is 22 years of age, has no incumbrances, and possesses forty thousand solid attractions, would be happy to marry a nice, respectable, amiable, industrious young man, who stands six feet without his boots : may be addressed through that immaculate medium for interesting young widows, the New-York *Herald*.

**A GENTLEMAN OF STUNNING PERSONAL ATTRactions, GIFTED WITH** every earthly virtue, endowed with all literary and artistic accomplishments, incredibly affable, and the intensity of whose morals is fairly ungovernable to all not wound up to a high pitch of goodness, is willing to go in as a sacrifice at a moderate rate. Address, LEMONS.

**A GENTLEMAN MOVING IN THE CREME DE LA CREME OF SOCIETY,** IS desirous of meeting with a lady similarly circumstanced. She must possess the following qualifications : A remarkably neat foot. A perfect knowledge of French. A No. 6 hand. A perfect appreciation of the merits of the UNK school of the *cuisine* — the gentleman being fastidious in this particular, and desirous of sympathetic tastes. One addicted to German music (as it is at present more fashionable than any other) would, of course, be preferred. Address, DELACOUR.

These are only a sample of the average run of matrimonials. Some of 'em are queer enough. But they all amount, like almost every thing else, to one of three items, namely, *Money, Passion, or Humbug.*

Advertised *myself* — *once.* The consequences were overwhelming. The clerk burst my post-office pigeon-hole out at the sides, in trying to stuff the letters in which he received, and I had to call in the aid of a tin pan and a market-basket to carry them up to the Astor. Rung

up Jim, ordered a sherry-cobbler, laid myself out on the bed, lit a Ca-baña, and went to work. The first document (which smelt severely of strong, cheap patchouli) was as *viz.* :

‘— *St., N. Y., June 2d.*

‘SIR: i am desirus of meating a gent as will sute my vews i want a big strong man and Have one thousand \$ which i wil give to get a Decent handle to my Name i am prety and you must Be satsafide with this and adress  
ISADOOR.’

Pitched Isadoor across the room, sent a puff of smoke after her to disinfect the district, and opened a daring-looking envelope directed in a go-a-head sort of a hand.

‘*Checkerberry, Conn., June 3d, —.*

‘SIR: Never suppose for an instant, though I have condescended to answer your miserable advertisement, that I do it with a view of ranking myself among those spiritless female slaves who await with burning humility the toss of your Sultanic handkerchief. No, Sir; it is as the vindicatrix of our long trodden but superior sex, that I answer an advertisement which I regard as an insult thrown in the concentrated face of all woman-kind. What avails it that I am beautiful, or gifted with a soaring soul, when any of the vulgar herd who list, have it in their power to point out to me your mean, dastardly, crawling, abominable advertisement, and say ‘Now JINNY, there’s a chance!’ WOMAN, Sir, should *choose* her mate, when in forgetfulness she links with man, (an event which I trust will ere long become of rare occurrence.) But woman should never be *chosen*. She needs in nothing the aid or interference of man. In conclusion, I would remark, that if you continue to insult us in this manner, I have *brothers*, Sir, and an uncle, who will essentially curtail the area of freedom which you have assumed. Never ‘yours,’ or any other man’s, JANE STRONG.’

Chuckled Miss Strong after Isadore, and opened No. 3, an outlandish-looking document :

‘*Leonard Struss, New-York, —.*

‘TO DE HIGH WEL-BORN MASTER ATVERDISER!

‘SIR: I been a foreign widows, and might like to pecome me a Mann. I been goot looking, have git 400 Thalers, and teach Musik, Vokal und Instrumental. I versteh also good to kooken, waschen, scrubben, ironen, sewen on buttonsen, and other dings of Household-erei. On my Bassport vich I kits from de High Royal Serene Oberamtinspektorregiari in de doun of Stuttgart, vere I was geborn, you reads dat I hafe some religion, protestant hair, blonde profession, musikal eyes, blue eyeprows, arching age, twendy dwo hands, small character, good complexion, florid feet, neat arms I drust to agree to yourself in all de oder little barticulars. If you bees a solid Mann and bees also no enemis to valzten on Sonntay den ve kits married.

‘Your obedientest to vaiting, WILHELMINE BEGIERIG.’

Laid Wilhelmine on the pillow, and took up a delicate little cream laid-out note. Jumped like a frog at recognizing the copper-plate hand-writing of the pretty Ohio widow who sat opposite to me at table, and to whom I had been doing my prettiest for about a month. With the sentiment of a peck of bumble-bees under my linen, and the emotions of a small boy who is swallowing a big apple whole, I opened and read.

‘*Astor-House, No. —, June 3d.*

‘SIR: I have ventured to address you, trusting that by some chance in the lottery of fate, I may secure the attachment, or at least friendship, of a gentlemen of honorable feelings. I required no other inducement, as I consider that all is embraced in that word. I am accomplished, in the usual acception of the term, and have been told by many friends that I am not devoid of personal attractions.

‘As I require that a husband be possessed of an honorable soul, it were of course unfair should I fail to manifest the utmost candor to you or to any gentleman seeking my hand. You will have, Sir, probably for a very limited period a rival; for I must frankly admit that I *have* entertained and *do yet* entertain feelings of partiality for a gentleman whom I believe to be in every respect well worthy of esteem. But as M. S., to whom I refer, has as yet manifested toward me nothing which can be construed as

exceeding the bounds of ordinary acquaintanceship, I am compelled to believe that you will have nothing to apprehend as far as he is concerned. If this avowal should deter you from availing yourself of the opportunity afforded, I shall be convinced that honesty and candor have for once been adverse to  
Yours, AMELIA.

'O womankind! females! and the fair sex!' I groaned, as I tumbled back prostrate on the bed: 'never before did the consciousness of my want of smartness in general, and of my inferiority to you in particular, come home to me with such a dig!' And from the very heels of my boots I groaned:

'O them widows!'

'Here, Jim!' said I to the waiter as he entered with a cobbler. 'Take all these notes, lay 'em in the grate, and set fire to 'em. Let 'em rip!'

'Faix! and it's an asy way ye have uf answerin' yer corrispondince,' replied Jim as he obeyed.

'And Jim — here's a half-dollar; take my card to Mrs. Twiggles, in the opposite room, and ask with compliments if Mr. Sloper may have the honor of escorting her to Niblo's this evening?' 'No written notes in evidence,' thought I to myself, 'if I aint smart.'

'Did ye say the half-dollar was for the lady?' ejaculated Jim, as he turned to go.

'Be off with you, you humbug!' I cried, hurling my segar-stump at his head. And as he closed the door I again groaned:

'O the vidders! THE VIDDERS!'

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'MAKE YOUR MARK.

I.

In the quarries should you toil,  
Make your mark;  
Do you delve upon the soil,  
Make your mark;  
In whatever path you go,  
In whatever place you stand —  
Moving swift or moving slow —  
With a firm and honest hand,  
Make your mark.

II.

Life is fleeting as a shade —  
Make your mark;  
Marks of SOME kind MUST be made —  
Make your mark;  
Make it while the arm is strong,  
In the golden hours of youth;  
Never, never make it wrong;  
Make it with the stamp of TRUTH —  
Make your mark.

A CALIFORNIA FARMER.

## THE 'PILGRIM' DINNER.

Would you hear of lofty bearing? Of the men of noble minds,  
 With unblanching aspect daring human wrath and wintry winds?  
 Go where towers the lofty 'ASTOR,' stoniest of our hotels,  
 Wait till grace said and the pastor of each Pilgrim hero tells:  
 There you'll hear each wit and lawyer, deacon sharp and merchant shrewd,  
 To the Pilgrim Sires each jaw hear loud in grateful praise allude.

Once a year those sainted worthies rise in glory from their tomb,  
 Once a year their praise is sounded in the 'ASTOR's dining-room;  
 While their meek descendants boast them (after dinner, o'er their wine)  
 And, *horresco referens*, toast them as the founders of their line,  
 Speechifying, gloryfying till the praises seem their own:  
 Truly spake PAT when he told them, Plymouth Rock 's their blarney-stone.

Verily the theme 's an old one; 'tis a pill grim in my maw,  
 Every year to have it told one with such looseness of the jaw;  
 'Tis as if a club of rhymers should an annual dinner hold —  
 That *would* be a fact to boast of, something worthy being told:  
 And should straightway join in praising each himself and then each other,  
 Thus by combination raising 'by his straps' each tuneful brother.

No ways harmful is such praising, but I wish with all my heart  
 That they might, by special raising, at the dinner take a part:  
 Not in skeleton or spirit, but as once they lived and breathed,  
 Sit with those that may inherit somewhat that these sires bequeathed.  
 Surely nothing could be wished for by the very Pilgrim sons,  
 Than their dinner should be dished for genuine Pilgrims, Mayflower ones!

They were right good fellows surely, pleasant men to meet o'er wine;  
 Men who thought and acted purely, from good fellowship divine:  
 Gentle WINTHROP, gallant STANDISH — Pilgrims both of fair degree;  
 Saint the one; a touch brigandish seems the other one to me:  
 Surely, what more could be wanting by the sons of men like these,  
 Who with godly psalms and chanting shook the snow-flakes from the trees?

'Mighty HIGGERSON,' the sainted, who liked fowl from Plymouth Bay;  
 WHITE, who dealt with Indians painted, when they'd wherewithal to pay;  
 Pious PETERS, good at trading, better at the preaching trade;  
 All the lively lads the lading of the ARABELLA made;  
 DUDLEY, who to LINCOLN's Countess told the wonders worked by GOD,  
 How the Pilgrims shared his bounties, and good liquor from abroad:

WINSLOW, whose so dainty palate longed for finer meat than cod,  
 And the man whose fox-tail mallet woke the boys who chanced to nod;  
 Jolly ENDICOT, who hated the 'inmodest' mask of veils,  
 And the nuisance quick abated, or historians tell us tales;  
 COTTON MATHER, foe to witch-craft, which craft suited well his ends,  
 Would not he be pleasant company for our Philadelphia friends?

Pleasant would they all be truly, and some 'instrument of grace'  
 Would improve the occasion duly, to upbraid Philistia's race,  
 Threatening them with judgment bloody, or some witch NIMROD would tell  
 Of the dreadful deeds of 'GOODY,' helped by devils hot from hell;  
 Nay, perchance some witty Pilgrim might of MORTON tell the tale,  
 How they burned his painted May-pole, made his Merrie-mount a wall:



But should joy and thirst persuade you then and there to drink a toast,  
 Better had your sire not made you! — you would see who ruled the roast.  
 'Gainst this sin they had a law, Sir; drinking toasts they went against;  
 And you'd have to plead your cause, Sir, to the ones who made complaints:  
 If you saved your ears, be thankful; keep your throat in better care;  
 Goblets might be always drunk full, but of *drinking healths* beware.

DODWORTH'S Band bids music charm them at the Pilgrim's dinner now,  
 COLEMAN'S mince-pies never harm them, nor the dancing, as I trow;  
 But suppose those sainted Fathers hearing, tasting, seeing this,  
 Seeing ladies dressed in '*gathers*,' marking there each saltant miss  
 With moustachio'd gallants dancing! Sooner would a Pilgrim see  
 The 'OLD NICK' with hoofs a-prancing — though they hated all *the* three —  
 They would curse the age advancing, and to Hades quick would flee. H. B.

#### JOHN BROWN'S TRACT.

HAVE you ever been on John Brown's Tract, my reader, that vast wilderness of Northern New-York, where the deer and the bear have roamed from time immemorial? It is a wild enough place even now; but imagine it, if you can, twenty years ago. The axe of the lumberman, the drowsy hum of the saw-mill, and the roaring of the iron-forge are now heard in many a wild spot that then was silent as if man had never been born. And what a majestic silence it was. There is a glorious pleasure in standing alone in those wild old forests, such as few who live in cities have ever tasted. It is not so much the proud feeling of lonely independence, as of admiring joy in the loveliness of nature, where the presence of man has not marred it. Man mars all he touches. Never was there a triter truism; and never do we feel its force more than when alone in the mighty woods.

So thought I, as I stood, one bright October morning, twenty years gone by, on the shore of one of those lovely lakes which abound among the Adirondacks. I had left the little log-house, where I had been hospitably entertained by as true a hunter and as generous a host as ever lived in the woods, very early that morning to see the sun-rise on the lake, with the understanding that he should follow with his dog an hour after. It was a lovely sight; and cold though the morning air was, I would not have exchanged it for the paltry luxury of a warm bed and late snooze. In the early gray of the morning the hills on the opposite shore loomed up in solemn grandeur, their outlines well defined against the dark sky, while their dusky bodies were wrapped in a sombre cloak of misty cloud. The lake was calm, the air perfectly still; the monstrous frogs, whose boomings on summer-nights are so sepulchral, having been driven to their beds of mud by the cold. As the morning light broke slowly, the mountains became more distinct. I could just see the blood-red of the maples, now staining the hill-side, like blood that had been spilt long ago; and the dusky orange of the

hickories. Every moment brightened their colors, the very sky itself seemed a-glow, and reflecting its glories on hill and lake. A gentle mist rose from the surface of the water, not enough to obscure objects, but sufficient to soften the abruptness of the little bays and head-lands, and to give an air of secrecy to the solitary island that lay at the north-west end of the lake. The sky soon began to brighten fast, and now I could just descry a deer feeding, some sixty rods away from me. It would have been sacrilege to have disturbed him then. He gave that indescribable grace which life always does to a noble landscape. What fine antlers he had, too! And now the sun has shown his head above the hills. How they rejoice in his presence! All the warmer colors are blended there in glorious confusion. It is difficult to tell which predominates, so intimately are they mingled, never appearing to struggle for preëminence. Here and there a tall maple seems surrounded with a halo of light, and again some lofty pine or hickory shows itself above its compeers; but elsewhere tree touches tree, one of one hue, another of another, so that it is scarcely possible to tell where the red commences or the gold ends. The low-lands near the place where I stood were covered with a young growth of hickories, now of a light lemon-hue, and here and there a tall Norway-pine shot up, beautiful in contrast. In the distance was old White-face mountain with his light cap of snow resting on his scarred and venerable head.

But there, like an arrow goes that deer which has been quietly feeding for the last half-hour; and now I hear the low whimpering of Spot, our dog, (poor fellow, he has been dead many a day,) and shortly after Stephen, mine host of the night before, appears with him in leash. We had agreed to hunt together that day, as he was anxious to show me some of the merits of the noble dog he prized so highly. It was indeed a fine animal, light, active, and when once on a deer's track not to be shaken off until he had either brought him to bay, or forced him to seek the water; and often had he been known to swim a broad river, and dash on as though it were mere pastime.

Who ever heard the baying of a hound in the woods, and did not forget for the moment all the gentle feelings of compassion which he may have had before? In an instant the spirit of the chase was upon me, and I quickly pointed out the spot where the buck had been feeding, to a young man who had accompanied Stephen. Leaving him with instructions to unleash the dog in an hour, we rowed up the lake, and then walked half-a-mile through the forest to a spot which Stephen assured me was a favorite run-way of the deer, especially when stirred early in the day; as they were loth to enter the lake, and generally ran to a small river four or five miles off, passing this place on their way. The spot selected was in the centre of a large patch of burned ground, near the top of a high hill. The annual fires had burnt out a large space, and the scorched trees lay in confusion, piled above each other. The view from the top of the hill was very fine; it was in fact the picture I had seen in the morning, but with the advantage of a loftier point of sight. We had been there but a short time, when we heard our dog, yelping loud and clear in the valley below, with the short, quick yelp which the true hound gives when the game is afoot and near him. We

expected to see our friend, the buck, every instant ; but were disappointed, for he turned and made for the hills, and the sound receded as fast as it had approached. Soon not the faintest intimation of the hunt could be heard. 'How provoking! I will go to the top of the hill and listen,' said Stephen. He had scarcely reached it, before I saw him gesticulating violently, like Satan on Mount Niphates, and he instantly disappeared over the hill. Scrambling up, I saw a sight that might well provoke him. The baying of the dog was distinctly heard from the hill, and in the pond, like a faint speck, was to be seen the head of the quarry. The hunt had led among the distant woods, and he had entered the water on the other side of a very heavily wooded hill, which prevented our hearing Spot. The chance of reaching him appeared small, with half-a-mile of forest, burnt-ground, too, between us and our boat ; but no hunter ever despaired who was a true son of Nimrod.

Ha ! what a race that was ! It makes my old joints tremble at the thought ; but I was young then, and willing to strain bone and sinew to the utmost. We reached the boat almost a-breast, and with one at the oars, which Stephen's ingenuity had rigged in the boat, and the other at the paddle, we made the light craft fly through the water like a thing of life. The perspiration streamed from every pore, but we heeded it not. The deer was no longer to be seen, but we both thought that he had not had time to cross the lake. Yes ! he must be in that little island in the north-west corner, and if so, hurra ! there is hope yet. Look ! look ! it must be so ; see, there is Spot, brave dog, swimming for the island ; if he gets there first he will drive the deer ashore, for the water is very shallow between it and the main-land, and the distance is short. He has half-a-mile the start of us, so our work is only begun. It took right sturdy strokes to reach that dog, but the thing was done. And now we are guarding the narrow strait, while Spot is coursing the island abreast of us. See ! he stops ; how gingerly he walks ; now he points, standing motionless on the bank, at a deep thicket by our side. I struck the water with the blade of my paddle. What a bound that was ! A large buck, with the noblest antlers we had seen that year, leaped high into the air, and darted like an arrow for the lake, the dog loudly baying at his heels. What an exciting moment that was, the crowning glory of the chase ; for as soon as we saw that bound, we knew that his doom was sealed. He swam proudly away, the good dog following in the cold water. We guarded the strait for a short time, for fear lest he should turn back ; and then rowing around the island, and finding him many rods on his way, we pulled sturdily until within shot. A well-aimed bullet stopped him instantly, without one struggle ; the water was still, and he was dead when we reached him.

Well, his antlers hang in my room, with other trophies of my youth, but none have afforded me such genuine pleasure as did that wild October hunt among the forests of the Adirondacks. Every incident of it is indelibly impressed on my memory. Although twenty years have elapsed, the remembrance is as fresh as though it had occurred but yesterday. We had a gay ride to Stephen's log-home, with our noble game ; a little curly-headed rogue, his son, having brought us a horse

and light-wagon, when he heard the crack of my rifle, and then as we slowly picked our way through the forest to his home, he fell asleep with his head on my knee. A long and animated discussion of the merits of Spot beguiled the way, a large share of the glory of the day being allotted to him, and many were the stories Stephen told of his sagacity.

Time has robbed John Brown's Tract of many of its ancient beauties. City sportsmen have over-run the choicest places, and hotels have arisen where once the camp-fire of the hunter was found. But twenty years ago the forests were as God made them, and the timid deer had not been thinned by the untiring pursuit of those who slaughter them by day and by night, even in the heats of summer, merely for amusement, and without discrimination. Then, in October, he who had manly courage and strength, and a soul alive to the beauties of nature, when she dons her coat of many colors, could not fail to enjoy a pure and keen pleasure among those wild fastnesses of the north.

Take an old man's word for it.

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T H E   S E A   A T   N I G H T .

I HEARD the sea,  
The distant sea that knows my former life,  
The deep wide sea that still remembers me,  
In bitter strife.

On the bleak shore  
Its dark waves fell, with angry yell, and moan;  
And loud they called me by a name I bore,  
Nor I alone.

In sore dismay  
I stole from out my room in guilty flight,  
(The happy room in which my lover lay,)  
At dead of night.

Beside the sea  
I stood: the sharp stones gashed my weary feet;  
The hissing, howling wind spat over me  
Its acrid sleet.

Cursing, I said:  
'The past is past; forget it now, O Sea!  
In your black depths let what I was lie dead:  
I will be free!'

Weeping, I said:  
'Forget me now, O Sea! he must not know,  
(The man that lies asleep, on yonder bed,)  
My hidden woe!'

'Why do you weep,  
And mutter so, beloved, about the sea?  
Together let us walk the shores of Sleep:  
Come, dream with me!

H. D. D. S.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the January Quarter: pp. 237. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THIS is a fair, and in two or three of its papers, an excellent number of our oldest and most popular Review. 'WHEATON's Elements of International Law' forms the text for the first paper, which is very long, and judging from a cursory perusal, of no common interest. 'BARTOL's Pictures of Europe' we reserve 'till a more convenient season.' It is too long for immediate dispatch. We pass 'Statistics of Insanity in Massachusetts,' and an article on 'The Romish Hierarchy,' to come to an admirable review of the 'Writings and Life of SYDNEY SMITH.' It is from the pen of an appreciative and keenly discriminative critic, and is written in a style of great terseness and purity. An extract or two will justify our commendation:

'HERE we see portrayed, without exaggeration, the best side of the Churchman — one of the highest places open to clerical ambition in England — its lustre enhanced by intelligence, its exclusiveness redeemed by geniality, and its validity vindicated by uprightness and public spirit. We recognize the influence and the happiness that may be attained by a kindly, conscientious, fearless, candid dignitary of the Establishment, whose nature is leavened by a rich and persuasive humor, whereby his office, conversation, letters, and presence are lifted from technicality and routine into vital relations with his fellow-beings and the time. Pleasant and suggestive is the record, full of amenity, and bright with cheerful traits. It is refreshing to meet with so much life, so much liberality, so much humane sentiment, where the conventional and the obsolete so often overlay and formalize mind and manner.' . . . 'In the case of SYDNEY SMITH we witness the delightful spectacle of a mind that bravely regulates the life which it cheers and adorns. Humor was the efflorescence of his intellect, the play that gave him strength for labor, the cordial held by a kindly hand to every brother's lips, the sunshine of home, the flavor of human intercourse, the music to which he marched in duty's rugged path. By virtue of this magic quality, he redeemed the daily meal from heaviness, the needful journey from fatigue, narrow circumstances from depression, and prosperity from materialism. He illustrated simultaneously the power of content and the beauty of holiness. Did Portland stone, instead of marble, frame his hearth? Innocent mirth and a clear blaze made those around it oblivious of the defect. Must a paper border take the place of a cornice? Laughing echoes hung the room with more than arabesque ornament. Were the walls destitute of precious limning? He knew how to glorify them with sunshine. Did he lack costly furniture? Children and roses atoned for the want. Was he compelled to entertain his guest with rustic fare? He found compensation in the materials thus furnished for a comic sketch. Did the canine race interfere with his comfort? He banished them by a mock report of law-damages. Was his steed ugly, slow, and prone to throw his rider? He named him 'Calamity' or 'PETER the Cruel,' and drew a farce from their joint mishaps. Was his coach lumbering and ancient? Its repairs were for ever suggestive of quaint fancies. Was a herd of deer beyond his means? He fastened antlers on donkeys, and

drew tears of laughter from aristocratic eyes. Did the evergreens look dim at Christmas? He tied oranges on their boughs and dreamed of tropical landscapes. Was a lady too fine? He discovered a 'porcelain understanding.' Was a friend too voluble? He enjoyed his 'flashes of silence.' Were oil and spermaceti beyond his means? He illuminated the house with mutton-lamps of his own invention. A fat woman, a hot day, a radical, a heavy sermonizer, a dandy, a stupid Yorkshire peasant — people and things that in others would only excite annoyance — he turned instinctively to the account of wit. His household at Foston is a picture worthy of DICKENS. BUNCH, ANNIE KAY, MOLLY MILES — heraldry, old pictures, and china — in his atmosphere became original characters and bits of Flemish still-life, which might set up a novelist. He turned a bay-window into a hive of bright thoughts, and a random walk into a chapter of philosophy. To domestic animals, humble parishioners, rustic *employés*, to the oppressed, the erring, the sick, the market-women, and the poacher, he extended as ready and intelligent a sympathy as to the nobleman and the scholar. He was more thankful for animal spirits and good companionship than for reputation and preferment. He revered material laws not less than the triumphs of intellect; esteemed 'Poor RICHARD's maxims as well as MACAULAY's rhetoric; thought self-reproach the greatest evil, and occupation the chief moral necessity of existence. He believed in talking nonsense, while he exercised the most vigorous powers of reasoning. He gave no quarter to cant, and, at the same time, bought a parrot to keep his servants in good-humor. If warned by 'excellent and feeble people' against an individual, he sought his acquaintance. His casual *bon-mots* wreathed the town with smiles, and his faithful circumspection irritated the officials at St. PAUL's. He wielded a battle-axe in the phalanx of reform, and scattered flowers around his family altar. He wakened the sinner's heart to penitence, and irradiated prandial monotony; educated children, and shared the counsels of statesmen; turned from literary correspondence to dry an infant's tears, and cheered a pauper's death-bed with as true a heart as he graced a peer's drawing-room. It is the human, catholic range and variety of such a nature and such a life, that raises SYDNEY SMITH from the renown of a clever author and a brilliant wit to the nobler fame of a Christian man.'

The reviewer draws a vivid contrast between SYDNEY SMITH's literary characteristics and those of the *littérateurs* of our day and time, the height of whose ambition is, to 'dream, dally, and coquet on paper,' instead of imparting fresh impulses and mental *stimuli*:

'Our ideal author proves a mere *dilettante*, says pretty things as if committed to memory for the occasion, picks ingenious flaws to indicate superior discernment, interlards his talk with quotations, is all things to all men, and especially to all women, makes himself generally agreeable by a system of artificial conformity, and leaves us unrefreshed by a single glimpse of character or one heart-felt utterance. We strive to recognize the thinker and the poet, but discover only the man of taste, the man of the world, the fop, or the epicure; and we gladly turn from him to a fact of nature, to a noble tree or a sunset cloud, to the genuine in humanity — a fair child, an honest mechanic, true-hearted woman, or old soldier — because in such there is not promise without performance, the sign without the thing, the name without the soul. It is from the salient contrast with these familiar phases of authorship that the very idea of such a man as SYDNEY SMITH redeems the calling. In him, first of all and beyond all, is MANHOOD, which no skill in pen-craft, no blandishment of fame or love of pleasure, was suffered to over-lay for a moment. To be a man in courage, generosity, stern faith to every domestic and professional claim, in the fear of God and the love of his kind, in loyalty to personal conviction, bold speech, candid life, and good fellowship; this was the vital necessity, the normal condition, of his nature.'

The 'History of the Jacobin Club,' although not new in the incidents which it compresses, is a very readable paper. Another foreign article, and also French, is that on VERON's 'Mémoires d'un Bourgeois.' 'As a literary work,' says the reviewer, 'the six thick volumes before us have positively no value at all. They are utterly barren of any merit whatever; ill composed, or rather wanting in composition altogether; destitute, we need scarcely say, of sharpness and delicacy of judgment, and elevation of thought; and, beside this, wholly devoid of any talent in the mere writing.' Then, we humbly suggest, they were not worth a review thirty-six pages long, even though they *may* exhibit a very 'exact picture of LOUIS PHILIPPE's eighteen years of sovereignty.'



Better books and better themes could be obtained nearer home. An extended paper on 'The Pacific Rail-Road,' a liberal critique of the new edition of Dr. GRISWOLD'S 'American Poets,' and an article on 'German Emigration to America,' close the 'Reviews' proper. Speaking of the biographical sketches which accompany Mr. GRISWOLD'S 'Specimens,' the reviewer says with justice: 'We have been unable to find a single instance in which he has suffered any of the usual grounds of prejudice to warp his judgment or to scant his eulogy, and where it has been his duty to refer to obliquities of temper and conduct, he has done so with singular delicacy and gentleness.' The number ends with seven-teen brief 'Critical Notices.'

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MIMIC LIFE: OR BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN. A Series of Narratives, by ANNA CORA RITCHIE, formerly Mrs. MOWATT. In one volume: pp. 408. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE like this work even better than we did the 'Auto-biography of an Actress.' The style is natural, and it is apparent that the numerous scenes and incidents which it contains have been drawn from the life. The pictures of 'behind the scenes' are exceedingly graphic. The sketch of STELLA'S first rehearsal at the Boston theatre is capital. Just such a scene we remember once witnessing at the Old Park Theatre in our city, one morning, in the dim gloaming of the tenantless interior, and we have never forgotten it. Observe what pleasant places theatrical dressing-rooms are, even 'star'-chambers, which of course are always the best of them:

'THE dreary gloominess of a theatre behind the scenes, when twilight is chasing the out-spent day, must be seen and felt to be fully comprehended. The desolate cheerlessness of the place has struck a chill to the heart of many a novice. The crowded scenery looks rougher and dingier; the painted tenements, groves, gardens, streets, more grotesque; the numberless stage anomalies more glaringly absurd.

'The sea-weed floating on the waves in feathery sprays of brilliant red and vivid green, that, seized for closer scanning, turns to an unsightly, shapeless mass, fitly typifies the stage in its resplendent wizard-robe of night enchantment, and its unideal, lugubrious day-time garb.

'Where am I to go?' STELLA inquired of PERDITA.

'The dresser, Mrs. BUNCE, has not come yet, and the gas will not be turned on until half-past six. Mr. BELTON only allows it to be lighted for one hour before the curtain rises; but, if you please, I can show you the star dressing-room.'

'PERDITA led the way up a long flight of stairs, then through a narrow entry, or rather gallery. On one side appeared a row of small doors, very like those of a bathing-machine. They opened into the rooms of the ladies of the company. A wooden railing extended on the other side. To any one who leaned over this rude balcony the larger portion of the stage became visible. Five or six persons were often crowded into one dressing-room. The apartments were portioned off into set spaces, and every cramped division labelled with a name. The room at the end of the gallery was appropriated solely to the lady 'star.' The dressing-rooms devoted to the use of gentlemen were located beneath the stage.

'PERDITA opened the door of this modern 'star-chamber.' The apartment was very small, the atmosphere suffocatingly close. MATTIE at once threw up the tiny, cobweb-draped window. A shelf ran along one side of the wall, after the manner of a kitchen dresser. In front lay a narrow strip of baize; the rest of the floor was bare. On the centre of the shelf stood a cracked mirror. A gas-branch jutted out on either side. Two very rickety chairs, a crazy wash-stand, a diminutive stove, constituted the furniture of the apartment. In this unseemly chrysalis-shell the butter-flies of the stage received their wings. Little did the audience, who greeted some queen-like favorite, sumptuously attired in brodered velvet and glittering with jewels, imagine that such was the palace-bower from which she issued.'

Some little inkling of the kind of welcome which a *débutante* receives at the hands of theatrical subordinates, may be obtained from the following passage :

'MRS. BUNCE, a portly, middle-aged woman, now bustled in. What a voice that Mrs. Bunce had ! It was so shrill that, when she spoke, STELLA almost fancied her ears were suddenly pierced by a sharp instrument. All Mrs. Bunce's words were darted out with amazing rapidity.

'Here in time, eh ? That's a good sign for a novice. This is the young lady, I suppose,' examining STELLA. 'Quite a stage face. How do you do, my dear ? This is your maid, I presume ?'

'Her maid, or her nurse, or her costumer, or any thing she is pleased to want,' replied MATTIE, with dignity.

'Ah ! that's well. No doubt a very serviceable person. So you've set the fire going ? That's a pity ! You may be smoked out soon ; all the stoves here smoke when the wind's contrary. Out with the dresses ! Hang them up on those nails. Her toilet things go here. Never been on the stage before, miss ? It's a trying thing for beginners. I've seen hundreds of débûts in my day. Most of the young ones think a deal of themselves until they get before the lights ; then they find out what they're made of. Not one in fifty succeeds. Hope you're not scared ? Don't show it to the audience, or they'll think it good fun. They always laugh at the fright of novices ; you know it makes the poor, simple things look so ridiculously awkward ! Here, JERRY,' calling over the gallery to the gas-lighter, 'if you can't light up that gas yet, give us a candle, will you ? The young person is a novice, and I may have trouble dressing her.'

'Thank you, Mrs. BUNCE,' STELLA ventured to say ; 'but MATTIE has been accustomed to dress me.'

'Yes, that I have, ever since she was that high !' added MATTIE, affectionately, and designating with her hand a stature of some few inches.

'Ah ! I dare say, but not for the stage. Mr. BELTON depends upon me to look after the novices on their first night, and see that they don't disfigure themselves.'

Take a peep into that mysterious apartment, the '*Green-Room* ;' and note also, the way in which they sometimes suffer, who labor to amuse and entertain you upon the stage :

'THIS is the green-room,' said Mrs. FAIRFAX.

'STELLA looked in curiously. It was a long, narrow apartment. At one end sofas, throne-chairs, and other stately seats for stage use, stood crowded together. On either side of the wall a cushioned bench was secured, the only article of stationary furniture except the full-length mirror. On this bench lay an actor in Roman apparel. STELLA's uninitiated eye failed to detect that he was indebted to art for his white locks and venerable aspect. He appeared to be studying, but every now and then gave vent to an uneasy groan.

'That is DENTATUS — Mr. MARTIN. Don't you recognize him ?' inquired Mrs. FAIRFAX. 'He is a martyr to inflammatory rheumatism, and can scarcely stand. He has suffered for years, and finds no relief.'

'STELLA called to mind the gentleman on crutches whom she had seen at rehearsal. 'But how can he act ?' she asked.

'That is one of the stage mysteries which it requires some wisdom to solve. You will see him, when he is called, hobble with his crutches to the wing, groaning at every step, and really suffering, there is no doubt about that ; but the instant his cue is spoken, his crutches will very likely be flung at FISK's head, and lo ! DENTATUS walks on the stage, erect and firm as though he had never known an ache. He is a great favorite with the audience, and generally manages to keep them convulsed with laughter, though he never ceases complaining and groaning himself, when he is out of their presence.'

'Two other Romans were walking up and down the green-room, repeating their parts in a low tone. At the further end where the sofas and chairs were huddled together, sat a group of girls in Roman costume.'

We had marked for insertion the exciting account of the heroine's triumphant débû, but we lack space to present it. We hear, without surprise, that this work has already achieved a great success. The truth is, there is an ever-new interest in all that relates to the stage ; but when a writer goes behind the curtain and the scenes, and in plain, unvarnished terms describes what takes place *there*, then the interest of such narratives is complete. The book

is well printed, and has an illustrative frontispiece. We cannot, however, commend the long syllabus that sets forth the contents of each chapter, at its head. To our eye it is not in good taste. It looks 'scrappy' and finical.

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LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GOETHE. By G. H. LEWES. In two volumes duodecimo: pp. 926. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

GERMAN literature has become 'a passion' with many, and 'the fashion' with more, of our 'Teuton-ic' countrymen. Hence these copious and well-printed volumes will be welcomed by a large class of readers. Pending a review for these pages from the pen of an accomplished German scholar, we simply call present attention to a few of the characteristics of the work and its illustrious subject, as set forth in a very able article in a late London '*Examiner*,' than which journal there is no higher 'German authority.'

'On the life of GOETHE separate from his career as an artist, Mr. LEWES speaks with love and reverence; and with a full faith in the greatness of his hero's character, he fairly tells all that he did. The result will be, no doubt, a removal of much popular fallacy, but it is to be suspected that the judgment of the English student upon GOETHE will remain nearly if not altogether what it was before. That he was, of all men of literary genius produced by Germany, the one most richly and most variously endowed, is beyond question. That his heart was stirred as promptly as his intellect is quite as true: but here it is believed that the ordinary man in him was mastered by the artist, and that he could not readily enough step out of his character of poet when the very strength with which it furnished him became a weakness. The condition of a strong individuality by which only the artist can expect to live, implies in him what may be called, in no unfavorable sense of the word, constant egotism; and if he never drops the artist, he can never drop the egotist.' . . . 'At the age of seven he worshipped God through nature. He built a pyramid of ores and other natural objects near his bed-room window, placed a pastile on the top, and by the aid of a burning-glass brought fire upon it from the burning sun. The story of his intellectual development from first to last is a continued marvel. He touched upon innumerable things, piercing his way very often to a hidden truth, although mastering minute details of nothing. He wrote as a child a romance in half-a-dozen languages, into which he had jumped with slight help from their grammars, and of the whole of which he hastened to make literary use. This was, indeed, his habitual practice. Whatever were his studies, whatever were the occurrences of his external life, his genius used them all as *pabulum*, and reproduced them in his writings. He came home ill from college, and was cured by a doctor who believed in alchemy, which caused the youth to set up for a time a laboratory and to expend pocket-money upon retorts; but though the fancy quickly passed out of his life, the fruit of it appeared long afterward in *Faust*. The use thus made of his life by GOETHE as material for literary composition was indeed so constant, that a good biography — and there is none so suitable for this purpose as Mr. LEWES's — is a most important introduction to his works. Add to this that the expression of his sense of beauty both in life and nature as a lyric poet is the branch of art in which alone, though he excelled all his countrymen in many, he can be said to have attained absolute perfection, and we understand a little of his weakness as a man.' . . . 'A sense of artistic fitness, and a love of God through all things beautiful, formed practically his religion. His sphere of life was in this way circumscribed, and his character as a man was in some sort weakened; but thus helped he never did a base thing, and his life was filled with noble passages. He had a hand and heart 'open as day to melting charity;' and if in his choice of persons to befriend, his taste as a poet influenced him very obviously, we may love him none the less for that. For successive years he devoted as much as a sixth part of his income to the secret sustenance of an unknown and penniless man of education, who was of a morbid and most impracticable temper. But we can scarcely believe that GOETHE would have done all he did in this case, had he not seen a poem in the morbid disposition, had he not taken pleasure (sacred pleasure, from whatever source) in enduring gently, and expostulating with the utmost delicacy, so as to spare all wounds to the diseased spirit that resented the very generosity by which it lived.'

CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE; embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day. With Portraits, Autographs, and other Illustrations. By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. In two volumes. Vol. I. pp. 676. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. 1855.

THAT America will in due time boast a distinct literature of her own, the beginnings made under unfavorable auspices abundantly prove; that she is possessed of one already, in the true sense of the term, the title of this work does not necessarily imply. It presents a succinct compendium of what has been already done. Its design is, 'to bring together, as far as possible, in one book, convenient for perusal and reference, memorials and records of the *writers of the country* and their works, from the earliest period to the present day.' An amassment of national lore under any distinct head—*corpus poetarum*, a body of poets, a school of philosophers, a line of historians, cannot be looked for in an existence which is of yesterday, while yet in every department the noblest types have appeared. The aggregate of that which, when sifted out from a great amount, tried, annealed, and separated from false alloy, remains in its perfection and purity a standard for all time, is indeed small. Yet, how unjust is the sneer which sometimes accompanies the assertion that the Americans have no literature, as if the elements did not exist among them from which a rich one might ultimately be formed; as if they were not of Anglo-Saxon lineage:

'Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

There is no national treasure-house where the wealth of centuries has been stored away, but unfortunately a lamentable ignorance has existed both among ourselves and others as to what we already have, and the contributions to a general stock which have been already made. If we examine the collected works (for instance) of any great writer of England, SHAKESPEARE alone excepted, how much sifting will they admit! How much chaff is there among the wheat! The whole is often redeemed by a very small part. All which they have written may be printed, and read too; but a few noble thoughts, a few terse lines alone amalgamate themselves with the hearts of men, never to be blotted out. The New World has not hitherto been a favorable field for the pursuits of literature. The colonists were engrossed in a severe, rough, laborious, every-day life. Their conflicts left but a precious modicum of time to be devoted to the cause of learning or to the blandishments of letters. A stern routine of duty was maintained within the palisades, and the Indians hovering without, few flourished gracefully with the pen. They had other things to think of than those which are for the most part cultivated successfully in calm and peaceful homes. The stubborn earth must be subdued. What chance to compose a poem or a history when at every moment the savage war-whoop might assail their ears, and King PHILIP with his painted warriors might be at their doors? The only *Philippics* which they had time to deliver with effect were those which blazed out of their trusty match-locks. Civilization of the robustest kind they brought with them; but refined modes of life, arts, letters, luxury succeeded tardily after the first clearings of the pioneers. From that

day to this, an intense physical development, unequalled in the history of the world, has withdrawn the minds of men from things not practical, and has postponed other matters until the immense field before us shall be subdued, while the spirit of the age, itself so fruitful in invention, has combined to such an end, and science as applied to the practical arts, has offered the most inviting fields for intellect. Nevertheless, when we come to the realms of pure literature, meagre as the list of professed authors was in the early days of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, we are surprised at the remains of giants which are exhumed after the antiquarian has removed the accumulated dust; and although there is much which appears to us flat or stale at the present date, yet it does not lack interest as illustrative of the men and times, while we find abundant passages from unknown authors, of intrinsic and resplendent beauty, in proof of which refer to the paper on MATHER BYLES.

Mr. DUYCKINCK, already known as editor, for many years, of *The Literary World*, for his classical attainments, good scholarship, and devotion to the Belles-Lettres, has in the present work, assisted by his brother — *par nobile* — acquitted himself with distinguished credit. It displays immense research, carried up to the very sources of American literature, much curious investigation into regions not easily accessible to the general reader, a taste and judgment in the treatment of subjects scarcely to be expected in so young authors. Objections of various kinds may no doubt be made to the plan of the work, or the principles on which it is arranged; many omissions may be marked; too much stress, it may be thought, is laid on some, and too little importance attached to others of whom it treats, while it is not cast in a philosophic mould. No kind of book is open to such a battery of criticism, or more likely to provoke censure. Imperfection must necessarily attach to any undertaking of the same magnitude and kind, and those alone who have entered upon similar fields, can be aware of the immense difficulties which lie in the way. It is one of those works which cannot be made perfect in the eye of critics, and from the very nature of it must always remain incomplete; and while all will acknowledge its possession to be desirable, and those who follow in a similar track, indispensable, there will be few learned in antiquarian lore, who will not be able to enumerate its short-comings. Nevertheless a very difficult task has been executed, and, in accordance with the plan laid out, well, too. Let those who find fault see if they could do it better. It is not so much a Cyclopædia as a biographical dictionary, full of interest, containing extensive records of literature during two centuries in the North-American colonies and States. The sketches of lives are succinctly and often admirably done. The authors, very happily, as we think, quote a passage from COTTON MATHER, as *à propos* to their work:

‘Should any *Petit Monsieur*,’ says the divine, ‘complain (as the captain that found not himself in the tapestry hangings which exhibited the story of the Spanish invasion in 1588) that he don’t find himself mentioned in this history, the author has this apology; he has done as *well* and as *much* as he could, that whatever was worthy of a mention might have it; and if this collection of matters be not complete, yet he supposes it may be more complete than any one else hath made; and now he has done, he hath not pulled up the ladder after him; others may go on as they please with a completer composure.’

The work is chronologically arranged under three departments: the Colonial

era, the Revolutionary Period, and the Present Century. 'Each of these,' the authors remark in a well-written preface, 'is marked by its distinct characteristics. The writers of the first period include the New-England Puritan School, the patient, laborious, well-read, and acute divines, the scholars who gave life to the first seats of learning, the first race of chroniclers, several genial observers of nature, as the BARTRAMS, and an occasional quaint poet, who penned verses without consulting the pleasure of MINERVA. In this period there is rudeness, roughness, but much strength; frequently a high order of eloquence, great diligence, and an abundant collection of materials for history. The next, the Revolutionary period, may be said to have begun and ended with the discussion of legal and constitutional principles. It was inaugurated by OTIS, DICKINSON, JEFFERSON, and ADAMS, and closed with the labors of HAMILTON, MADISON, and JAY, in the *Federalist*. In the third period a new range was given to divinity and moral science in writers like CHANNING; CALHOUN and WEBSTER illustrated the principles of political science. MARSHALL, KENT, and STORY interpreted law. IRVING, COOPER, PAULDING, etc., opened new provinces in fiction and polite literature; HILLHOUSE, BRYANT, HALLECK, DANA, LONGFELLOW sang their profound and sweet melodies. The national life, at the earliest moment, found its historian in BANCROFT; oratory gained new triumphs in the halls of Congress, and a genial race of writers filled the various departments of letters, in turns thoughtful, sentimental, or humorous as the occasion or theme required.'

We have been only able to speak in general terms, in the way of a mere passing notice of so large a work, which reflects much honor on the indefatigable industry, perseverance, and research of the accomplished authors, and which will, no doubt, have the effect of quickening investigation, and open up new treasures in fields which have been hitherto unexplored.

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IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND: OR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SCENERY AND SOCIETY. By A. CLEVELAND COXE, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. In one volume: pp. 321. New-York: DANA AND COMPANY.

Books of travel and sojourn in England have been so common, that we feel almost reluctant to take up a new work of this description; but we were agreeably disappointed in the volume before us. Mr. COXE went abroad with many advantages. A clergyman of the Church of England, with no mean reputation as a Christian poet; with many old correspondents of clerical and social repute, 'in the land whither he went,' and to whom, of course, he was accredited; and moreover, with a determination not to be a one-sided observer or a growling commentator; with all these advantages, it is not surprising that he 'enjoyed himself;' and that he does not hesitate to say so, on all occasions, and in the most enthusiastic terms. 'Very few American travellers,' says the New-York 'Churchman' religious journal, 'have had better—not many, indeed, such good opportunities of forming correct opinions of English society in its happier aspects, or of estimating, if not the political and social, at least the moral and religious influences which make it what it is. All Americans who go to



England with proper introductions — or even a single introduction, which is generally enough to open the door to good society — soon find that it depends very much upon themselves, as to the amount of opportunity, and its value, too, which they may have presented to them of seeing what is to be seen, and enjoying what is worth being enjoyed, whether in matters of public interest, or in the scenes and sympathies of social and even domestic life. Mr. COXE was certainly very highly favored in these respects. His being an American clergyman of character and standing, and a man of letters, as well as a divine of considerable reputation; all this, doubtless, gave him advantages, and he was most properly solicitous, and ready at all times, to avail himself of them. But for this, indeed, we should not have had so delightful a volume as he has furnished, or one so full of information, as well as of interest.'

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LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. In One Volume: pp. 192. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS forcibly-written and timely volume has been described to be 'an exhibition of national valetudinarianism, as it prevails among the women of our country.' It is a clear and comprehensive compendium of the laws of health, in their application to the social condition of American women. Then the habitual violations of those laws are plainly presented, and a series of terse practical rules for their observance is added, with sufficient commentary. But the most noticeable portion of the book, is the new and striking group of facts, compiled and adduced for proof of the urgent and immediate importance of the reforms recommended. We work too hard; we work and live and sleep in bad postures and in vitiated air; we exercise too little; we eat and drink too much, too fast, at wrong times, of food unhealthy in substance, and ill-cooked; we indulge in condiments, stimulants, noxious luxuries; and that at just the times when they harm us most; our women dress in garments skillfully adjusted to distort and disarrange both the outside and the inside of the body, and to expose it to all possible risks from atmospheric changes; and we are dirty.

Of the statistics in proof of all this, let two results suffice. Of four hundred and fifty American matrons, residing in ten States, in eight large cities and thirty country towns, whose cases were collected by gathering from each reporter accounts of ten married acquaintances of average health, one hundred and seven were reported well, and three hundred and forty-three ill; one hundred and eighty-eight being 'delicate or diseased'; and one hundred and fifty-five, 'habitual invalids.' Of two hundred and fifty-six others, reported from four large cities and twenty-one country towns, in nine States, whose cases are supposed to furnish fairer and more reliable data, thirty-one were well; the remainder being either in an indistinct condition of weak or precarious health, or positively within the grasp of some well-defined organic or other disease.' It is a small volume that utters these great truths; but the facts *themselves* 'speak volumes' of salutary caution and sanitary precept.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.—Right well pleased are we to welcome again to our pages our favorite 'Up-River' correspondent. Winter cannot freeze his fancy, nor snow thicken the ink that drops in gems from his potent pen :

*'Inter Boreales : January.*

'TWENTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO!—In the good city of Manhattan, when Mercury gets anywhere in the neighborhood of zero, and a blithe wind is stirring, the air seems full of razors, and the point of human endurance to be reached. The omnibus-driver from his high seat beats his alternate sides, and now and then when arrived at the station-house, poor JEHU is found sitting erect beside his little box of cash, with the reins clutched in his hands, quite stiff. Some years ago, WIMBLES and I were riding home from the play at about eleven o'clock. The night was one of remembered severity, a tempest of sleet and hail prevailed, the cold pierced to the very marrow, sharp noses were frozen in the twinkling of an eye, no one faced the mischief, but every neck was turned awry, and every head was bowed to butt the storm. Wo be to the blear-eyed drunkard, who, enamored of his little rum-jug, stumbled into some snow-bank by the lonely way. He forgot his cares in somnolence, and the next morning was found as crisp as an icicle, with his companion at his side. WIMBLES and myself crouched down in two opposite corners (those next to the door) of the omnibus—which was on wheels—for although some ventured upon runners, there had been precarious sleighing for the few days past. Our mouths were bound up in woollen tippets, WIMBLES' head was sunk upon his breast, and without the least reminiscence of the enlivening scenes which we had just left, we jogged along, silent, melancholy, and forlorn. For myself, I remember an acute sensation of cold about the shanks. One by one our fellow-travellers paid their fare, and went down the steps, every one at his own corner uttering an exclamation so soon as he came in contact with the frigid weather. At Thirteenth-street a thick-set man passed up a five-dollar bill to pay his fare, through the little round hole, taking it leisurely from a roll in his pocket-book, (silver currency was at that time scarce,) amid the muttered protests of every one who faced his neighbor on the opposite longitudinal seats. Omnibus, drivers, like their horses, are very patient, and I remember that the poor man took

off his gloves, grasped the change in his box for an instant in his numbed fingers, and returned the paper-money with silent contempt. The thick-set stranger took it, and as it seemed to me, with a gloating eye, as if he had saved a sixpence, returned it to his pocket-book, nicely folding it with the bills which he had, but suddenly crumpled it up, and put it in his waistcoat-pocket. I eyed him more intently than any character which I had witnessed at the play. I had been studying him over the edge of my upright coat-collar, and contracted a prejudice against him at the first glance. First of all, his belly disgusted me; it was a mere animal chunk; it was great, but not rounded into a jolly and jovial plumpitude. He was bull-throated, his face as destitute of intellectual animation, vulgarly obese, and without the gleams of sentiment. It is true that the little oil-lamp, adjusted on the roof of the carriage, did not illuminate the interior very brilliantly, but it shed light enough to enable me, as I thought, to judge of his physiognomy. The idea of offering five dollars in change for sixpence on such a night! It would be out of all character, and a vexation to a dozen pedestrians who were in a hurry to be at a steamboat-landing, if he had done it in the middle of a summer's day. The old hunks! The mean fellow! May that saved-up sixpence do you a multitude of good! What avaricious eyes! What an ugly waistcoat! I have only seen you for a few minutes, but I know you as well as if I had been your next-door neighbor all my life! With these and many more internal protests, I objugated the unprepossessing stranger as he walked down the alley, and attempted to push open the omnibus-door. It resisted slightly, when I gave it the additional help of my arm to get him out. He, however, walked back again, thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, took out the five dollar note, and punching the driver slightly in the back, said to him: 'Friend, it is a very cold night; take my fare out of this bill, and keep the rest yourself.' He blew the words through the little round hole which was by the driver's seat, into the driver's ear, but as I was watching him curiously, I heard him distinctly. Having so done, he huddled out, and walked down the side-street, and I followed him with my eye until he was out of sight. I looked at WIMBLES to see whether he had noticed the act; but although his eyes were open during the fictitious scenes of the play, and ELLEN TREE had drawn tears into them, they were closed now. My own gushed over, I must confess. I drew my tippet over my face, and collapsed into my corner, indulging my own thoughts until the next passenger got out, and as he did so, the hail and sleet struck in my face, and seemed to have the nature of a cold reproof. Alas! I said, how I have misjudged that man!—while my prepossessions are seldom wrong, they have been most grossly in the present instance. Would that I could follow him to his own abode, but I shall never see him again in the present world. My heart smote me. The rest of the passengers soon got out of the omnibus, when WIMBLES and I were left alone. We exchanged not a single word for fifteen minutes, when my friend, starting suddenly from his seat, exclaimed, 'We must be considerably above our street!' So I had been thinking, but the panes of glass were thickly coated with frost, and it was impossible to distinguish through them any thing except the glare of the street-lamps. We pulled the leather string, as if just awoke from lethargy. No answer was returned. The omnibus jolted heavily along at the usual gait, and while we continued to tug away at the string we must have gone the length of several squares. It occurred to us that there was no driver on the box. We attempted to push open the door, but it refused to yield. The windows were hermetically sealed. We peeped into the little round hole where they passed the money, but JEHU was there seated firmly enough.

‘‘Holloa!’’ shouted WIMBLES, driving his fist into his back, ‘halloa! let us out!’ It was very queer; he paid not the least attention to the summons. We kicked, we shouted, we pulled, and he refused to let us out. The well-known blue and green goblets in the apothecaries’ windows were discernible through the frosted glass, far above the street at which we desired to get out, but the omnibus pressed on; on, and on, and on. We could trace the outlines of objects which had struck us in our afternoon walks out of town. The lanterns of oyster-cellars glared upon us, and the fixed light which shone nightly in Doctor BOLUS’s window, soon appeared. We descried the illuminated windows of a bowling-saloon, which had been established on the out-skirts of the city, in order to christianize those who came by; but although these passed us, and we energetically pulled at the string, it was in vain. The wind howled; the snow, mixed with little pellets of ice, dashed against the panes. To go to Harlem, or to Greenwich, or to Bull’s-Head Ferry, with a drunken driver on the box, and with no means of getting out, at twelve o’clock on a tempestuous winter-night, was not desirable; but we seemed fairly in for an adventure of this kind. Said I to WIMBLES: ‘What shall we do?’ He had just aroused from sleep to a sensation of the condition he was in. ‘Sit entirely still,’ said he, ‘and the horses will fetch up safely somewhere.’ So it turned out; for we were at TOMPKINS’, or at BROWER’S, or at KIP’S and BROWN’S stables — I do not rightly know where, but presently we stopped — out of town. After some little delay, the door of the carriage was opened, and we stepped forth into the night air like a pair of liberated cats. We were in a court or area, within which an immense number of ungainly omnibuses were placed side by side, and hard by was a long range of subterranean stables, where no stamping of hoofs was heard, as from well-combed and aristocratic steeds; but the bruised and fagged-out nags who had survived the day’s work in the streets of the city, now silently reflected themselves with a few oats, to be again ready for the traces at the peep of day. The scene was gloomy enough. Midnight — no moon — hail and sleet drifting furiously into the eyes — a livery-stable in the suburbs. A sleepy ostler approached with a lantern in his hand. It contained a tallow-candle, which blazed through a multitude of holes pierced into the tin cylinder. He had on a gray coat, a slouched hat, and a red-woollen tippet twisted about his throat; and having first let us out, he approached with his light, breathing out great fumes of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, toward the horses’ heads. After jerking the bits, and patting their noses with a few soothing and livery-stable terms, he held his candle beneath the driver’s box, and appeared somewhat astonished that that personage did not attempt to move from his seat.

‘On this, he sang out: ‘BILL!’ and presently renewed his efforts, shrieking out in a harsher voice: ‘BILL! BILL! BILL!’ but no answer was returned. He clambered up on the wheel and shook the charioteer violently by the shoulders. Then mounting upon the box, placing his lantern on the roof, and inspecting closely his face, ‘He’s asleep, or froze, or dead!’ said he, leaping upon the ground to obtain more assistance. Two men mounted presently, and lifting him carefully down, deposited him in a small office devoted to the paraphernalia of the stable. I never shall forget his looks, as the stable-lamp shed its faint gleams upon him. The ruddy color had not departed from his cheeks, but he was *chilled to the heart!* We ran back hastily, and pulled the night-bell at Dr. BOLUS’s, and after a patient waiting, the Doctor himself threw up the sash over the little druggist’s shop, and thrust his ‘night-cap’ into the storm. Finding that his attendance was required, as he was not probably over-burdened with practice he signified his willingness to be present

forthwith. The few moments during which he made his mid-night toilet seemed a good hour, as we stamped our feet against his sill. At last he opened the door, and with a voice like that which we sometimes hear from a man with a broken back, inquired if we had come in a carriage or on foot. He was a grotesque little creature, apparently not over four feet in height, with a monstrous head, and enveloped in a tattered camel cloak. He owed the compliment of the call (as we did not tell him) to his being the only available assistance near by, and whether he were allopathic or homoeopathic, or only learned in the science of roots, we could not tell; but I thought he looked more like an astrologer than a medical man. Had he possessed the distinguished abilities of a VALENTINE MOTT, he could not have done any more good than he did, for after a little scrutiny of the frozen driver, having made his diagnosis rightly, he gave it as his verdict that the icy touch which had chilled the blood of the poor man was that of death. The next morning those who sat snugly at their breakfast-tables and sipped their hot coffee, at the same time glancing over their daily papers, might have seen the fact served up as an item of news, that the driver of an omnibus, in the storm of the previous night, was frozen to death on his box.

'Who thought of it again as he walked briskly down the street, with his heart already engrossed in the business of the day? The weather formed a topic of light conversation with some. 'They say it was *pretty cold* last night. Really, I was not conscious of the change.' 'Perhaps not, my good friend, but your house is heated to the rafters with a furnace, and blazing with chandeliers.' 'When the wind lulled, A — 's thermometer was down to fifteen or twenty degrees below zero, so he says; but I knew it must be awful from the way in which the boards snapped.' 'Yes, indeed, but the poor, who keep no thermometers, could vouch for it by a better test.'

'Alas! as I lay in my own warm couch that night, and closed my eyes in vain for sleep, another picture stood before my sight most painfully distinct. The wind still howled: the scene presented was a poor man's house. Around it were vacant areas; it was a gloomy, almost uninhabited street. A faint light gleamed within; and as the blast bore with it the faint and interrupted chimes of a distant-tolling clock, the wife raked up the embers on the hearth and made the kettle boil, and placed a frugal supper upon the board. Then wistfully she pressed her face against the frosted pane, and muttered words of pity, as she felt the nipping air within, for him who had to breast the storm without. She plied the piny splinters upon the coals, and lightened up the home of poverty with a resplendent blaze. Her heart leaped up with joy. She heard the sound of an approaching footstep. She flies with fleet steps to the door. 'WILL,' she exclaimed, 'how late!' Ah! what is this! Appalled she gazed upon a crowd of faces. The men pressed in, put down their burden: the light quivered on the hearth; it waxed fainter and more faint; it went out; the wail of a waking child is heard; she was left alone!

'Is this a sketch alone of idle fancy, or is it real? 'Wind of the winter-night, whence comest thou?' That sighing, southing voice: is it thine own? Or when it makes its vain appeal against the barred-up doors, and the illuminated windows of the rich, and shrieks and comes again, and then departs, returns it to the secret caverns of the night? or whence perchance it came, to the rayless solitudes, where famine dwells, and where cold pinches — the habitations of the suffering poor?

'F. W. S.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Approving cordially the proposition of a friend, in a former number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, to have a smoking-car in every considerable passenger-train, a western correspondent suggests *another* improvement, which he thinks equally demanded at the hands of every rail-way direction, namely, '*Nursery, or Baby-Cars.*' He admits himself to be a bachelor, but trusts that that trifling circumstance will not militate against the soundness of his arguments. Therefore, 'Hear him for his cause:'

'Go where you will, you are in a nursery of babies. Babies laughing and crowing, possibly; babies nursing, probably; babies crying and squalling, undoubtedly; sometimes quiet and pleasant babies — and these I rather like; but in crowded, dusty, rattling rail-cars, even these are apt to be fretful and peevish, and sadly prone to 'cry aloud and spare not.' I don't wonder at it. I don't doubt, if I was a baby of six months, and 'put through' at the rate crowds of them are every day on our rail-roads, I should squall as lustily as the best of them, so long as lungs and strength lasted: for baby ignorance seems naturally to take to crying as the only kind of 'ready relief,' and the louder, of course the more effectual.

'Babies swarm most on the great western lines of travel. 'Every body is moving West,' and every body, of course, has a large family of children, all of about the same size, one or two of the youngest in arms. In a recent ride of twelve hundred miles, by night and day, to the West, there were at all times from three to eight babies in the car I occupied: and on a moderate average three were always crying. I pitied the poor things at first, and as much and as long as could be reasonably expected; yet I confess that my sympathetic emotions were finally swallowed up in any thing but admiration for the little darlings.

'The first day they were very fair specimens of baby-hood; 'perfect cherubs,' to parental eyes; clean and bright-eyed enough, and only given to an occasional out-burst, as was natural enough. Night came, and the little ones were getting fretful; the continuous riding was tiresome to men and women, and doubly so to tender childhood. So they cried for their snug cradles at home, until overcome by sleep or weariness. The second day they were getting travel-worn: faces grew smutty, and dispositions peevish: they wanted to get up on the cushions; they wanted to get down on the floor; they wanted to get up in father's lap; they wanted to get up in mother's lap; they wanted to get out on the platform; they wanted to get everywhere except where they were: and then cried because they could n't. Second night ditto, only more so: until, by the third day, a climax was reached, and 'Young AMERICA' completely out-did itself, or gave up in despair.

'A prettily-dressed, playful little child, is decidedly an attractive and pleasant companion for a while. I *like* such an one. But to ride in a crowded car, surrounded by little, distressed, heart-broken, 'crying babies,' and to have one or two leaning over your shoulder with their hands full of cold meat, bread-and-butter, or candy, admiring the gentleman's hat, dropping crumbs into his neck, and sticking their greasy fingers in his hair, is a matter that tries the nerves of a young bachelor.

'Now, '*What's to be done?*' as BEVERLEY says in '*The Gamester.*' As the subject is a ticklish one to handle, so is the question a difficult one to answer satisfactorily. An *old* bachelor might gruffly answer: 'Stay at home: wait till your babies are big enough to travel.' Another might advise more mildly: 'Accommodate your journey to the strength of the little ones. They cannot endure so much as you: stop, and let them rest, at night at least, and it will be easier for all.' Yet neither of these answers is without objections. People *must* travel; poor men, with large families, must get where they will have 'ample room and verge enough' to 'increase and multiply.' As they must study economy, so they must necessarily take the quickest and cheapest route, however

tedious it may be to the little ones. We are still left in despair of a satisfactory answer.

'Here is a chance for men of inventive genius to put their heads together. I am a bachelor, but not an ultra one; and should like to have this thing settled in a manner to meet the approval of all parties, little and big, old and young. In the mean time I venture the following suggestion, commending it to the attention of rail-road men, and all sympathizing, interested 'parties':

'As an eloquent correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER has called for a '*Smoking-Car*,' wherein gentlemen can enjoy, undisturbed, 'the fragrant weed,' why not have a '*Nursery-Car*' attached to the great express-trains, for the especial benefit of little fledglings and their attendants, wherein they may eat, drink, and imbibe — laugh, cry, squall, and disport themselves generally, very much to their own satisfaction? — such a car to be fitted up with all the 'appliances and appurtenances' necessary for its particular use. Perhaps BARNUM and WOOD, those great baby-champions, would give liberal premiums to the genius who would first build such a car, and the rail-road company who would first use it.'

We have just read the foregoing to a friend, and he says he approves of it entirely, in relation to all little folks *except his own*. He 'likes to be *with them* in a rail-road car,' he says, 'and to see their young and eager eyes devour up the wondrous objects in the passing landscape; to enliven them, if they get dull, and to try to help them, if in pain.' But could n't all this be done in a commodious '*Baby-Car*?' is the 'question now open for discussion,' and one which we think will be much agitated. - - - Our next-door country neighbor, 'The DOMINIE,' narrated a good story of the celebrated Rev. HOOPER CUMMING, the other morning, as we were 'rushing round the Horn,' on the New-York and Erie Rail-road, from our suburban sanctum to our other home, in town: 'One stormy Sunday evening in autumn, about half-past nine o'clock, when the rain was raining cold, and the wind was souging through the half-denuded trees in front of his mansion, out-spake the great pulpit orator to his dame: 'My dear, we have had two services to-day: we have tried to forget the toil of it: we have endeavored to read — we have essayed to converse; but all of no avail. Fatigue has overcome us both. The wailing of the storm — the labors of the day — all invite us to repose. Suppose we go to bed!' The house was closed: the servants had retired; and they *did* go to bed; and in five minutes both were in dream-land. Presently a loud knock was heard at the door. It was a *heavy* knock, but to the sleepers whom it aroused, it seemed a visionary 'rapping:' but the next prolonged summons could n't be mistaken. 'Get up, my dear,' said Mrs. CUMMING; 'the servants are all in bed and asleep, and we are close by the door':

'Then up gat HOOPER CUMMING, he,  
Up gat he in his bed:'

and said to his wife, 'Who *can* it be? I will go and see!' And he went. As he approached the door, at the end of the hall, he heard low conversation. He bore a small night-lamp in his hand, whose light swayed to-and-fro, and flickered, in the passage. When he reached the door, he said, 'Who is there?' 'It is *me*, Sir, and BIDDY!' 'I can do nothing for you to-night,' said the first colloquist: 'it is Sunday night: it is somewhat late: the servants have gone to bed; our dinner was a simple one: we *have* no cold victuals.' 'Don't *want* any cold victuals — want to be spliced, BIDDY and I. I am a sailor — they *say* I'm



a good 'un too : but I say nothing. How'sumd'ever, we want to be spliced. I'm off airy in the morning. Will you do it, captain?' 'You want to be married? — is that it?' 'Yes! What d'ye take me for? Didn't I say so? And I want it done now : it will be too late to-morrow.' 'Wait a moment,' said the clergyman. Then a fumble was made at the key-hole, and the next moment the candle went out : the key could not be found by the sense of touch : the shivering divine, standing almost *in puris naturalibus*, in the dark, raised the fan-light, at the side of the door, bade the twain approach, and then and there — it was a brief service — coupled the two for life. He heard a kiss in the dark, and then was addressed with : 'Cap'n I aint goin' to buy a pig in a poke. If Biddy turns out a good craft, you shall get your pay for splicin' us — now mind I tell you. You'll hear from me again, Cap'n — see if you don't!' The twain departed, and the clergyman went shivering to bed. About a year after this amusing occurrence, a big box was brought to the reverend pastor's door, of which word was sent to him by the carman who brought it. 'Don't take it in!' said his wife : 'it's another of those boxes with eelymosynary little books and tracts, which have cost us so much cartage, beside the trouble of distributing them.' But better counsels prevailed. The charges were paid — the box received and opened — and the result was astounding! Instead of books or tracts, it contained the richest and costliest fabrics, a present to the clergyman's wife. It was the wedding-fee of the wandering and now promoted sailor. Not a port had he visited, but had paid tribute to his admiration for the 'good craft' which the clergyman had secured to him in the person and heart of his 'BIDDY.' On a beautiful shawl from Canton he had pinned a piece of paper, expressive of his gratitude, and in rude yet eloquent language, asking the acceptance of the box as a token of the same.' When our friend 'The DOMINIE' concluded, 'We'll book that,' we said — and we have endeavored to do so. - - - HERE is a story of just retribution, recorded in the life and times of the elder KEAN, the renowned but erratic actor, whose remains repose in St. Paul's Church-yard, in this city, under a monument bearing an appropriate inscription from the pen of our eminent townsman, the venerable Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS :

'WHILE playing at Exeter, in England, at the height of his popularity, KEAN was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced — the table sumptuously decorated — and the land-lord, all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found every thing to their satisfaction.

'KEAN stared at him for some moments, and then said :

'Your name is — ?'

'It is, Mr. KEAN : I have had the honor of meeting you before.'

'You kept, some years ago, a small tavern in the outskirts of this town?'

'I did, Mr. KEAN. Fortune has been kind to both of us, since then. I recollect you, Sir, when you belonged to our theatre here !'

'And I, Sir,' said KEAN, jumping up, 'recollect you! Many years ago I came into your pal try tavern, after a long journey, with my suffering wife, and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a morsel of refreshment. You answered me as if I were a dog, and refused to trust it out of your hands, until you had received the trifle which was its value.

'I left my family by your inhospitable fire-side, while I sought for lodgings. On my return, you ordered me, like a brute, to 'take my wife and brat from your house,' and



abused me for not spending in drink the money I had not for food. Fortune, as you say, *has* done something for us both since then; but *you* are still the same, I see—the same cringing, grasping, grinding, greedy money-hunter. *I*, Sir, am still the same. I am now in my zenith—I was then at its nadir: but I am the same man—the same KEAN whom you ordered from your doors: and I have now the same hatred to oppression that I had then; and were it my last meal, I'd not eat nor drink in a house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel!

'Gentlemen,' said he, turning to his friends, 'I beg pardon for this out-break; but were I to dine under the roof of this time-serving, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful, I am sure, would choke me.'

KEAN kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

This plain talk of KEAN to a landlord reminds the writer of a scene between the 'great GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE' and an English Boniface in one of the provincial towns, Chichester. His riotous conduct there, as in America, excited great indignation. The owner of the principal hotel, where COOKE was stopping, frequently remonstrated with him, and endeavored to curb his noisy propensities; until, tired out by a repetition of drunken brawls, quarrels, rows, and fights, he indignantly ordered the Thespian bacchanal to seek other quarters, and no longer bring odium on his hitherto well-regulated establishment.

'Do you, fellow! dare address such words to *me*—*fellow*!—to GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE? *You*, a pitiful publican and sinner—a rinser of tumblers—a frother-up of mugs—a dirty decanter of bad wine—*you*, a servant to any body and every body—*my* servant! Fetch me another glass of brandy-and-water, and, do you hear?—let it be hot and strong!'

'There are many persons yet living in New-York, who well remember GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE; and they will call to mind how he must have looked while this scene was taking place: his long, inimitably-effective finger pointing to the shrinking landlord, and his whole face and form suffused with the passion which he so forcibly represented upon the stage.'

A very striking picture. - - - WHEN we read the following, from a Washington correspondent, we thought of this characteristic of RIP VAN WINKLE: 'He would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single bite:'

'A FRIEND of mine once told me a 'good thing,' in the piscatorial line, of a gentleman of distinguished ability, who has held a seat in the cabinet of our 'common Uncle SAMUEL.' The individual referred to is near 'three-score-and-ten,' somewhat blind wears breeches, queue, and silver-buckles on his shoes. He will pass as a fine 'gentleman of the old school;' is rich; and no bad representative of the 'gentle IZAAK,' for these degenerate days.

'My friend took a stroll one fine morning over the crazy bridge that spans (or squats over) the Potomac, between the 'Deestrick' and Virginia. Arriving at the channel, he observed the veteran fisherman sitting on the side of the bridge, his small-clothed legs hanging down, and a colored boy at his side to 'bait' and take off the fish. The tide had ebbed, and it was a remarkably dry season; consequently the river was so shallow that the 'mud-sills' and 'ice-fenders' were exposed. My social and inquisitive friend accosted the old gentleman somewhat in the WALTONIAN style:

QUERIST: 'What luck this morning, JUDGE?'

PISCATOR: 'Excellent!'

QUERIST: 'How long have you fished?'

PISCATOR: 'Well—about two hours.'

QUERIST: 'What have you caught?'

PISCATOR: 'Hem!—hem!—nothing *yet*; but I've had a *glo*-rious nibble, about an hour ago.'

QUERIST: 'What do you 'bait' with?'

'PISCATOR, [*with energy*.] 'Frogs, Sir, *frogs*: frogs are great for Rock-fish, Sir!'

'QUERIST: 'You seem rather short of bait, JUDGE.'

'PISCATOR: 'Certainly—only had *one* frog.'

'QUERIST: 'JUDGE, I see a fine paddock sitting down on that mud-sill a-winking at you. Capital bait he'd make.'

'PISCATOR: 'Bless me! do you? *B'y*, [*speaking to the colored boy,*] go down and catch him: we shall need him.'

'Down slid the darkey: the 'frog for bait' jumped off the 'sill:' the Judge conceived a bite; pulled in the 'bait' that had winked at him a couple of hours, and my informant came off, ready to '*bu'st*. The Judge still fishes—but he don't use frogs for bait!

HAT.'

He won't *now*, probably! - - - WE have repeatedly read, and seldom without much 'California instruction,' general gratification, and miscellaneous amusement, a weekly journal, published in San-Francisco, called '*The Golden Era*.' It is well printed and judiciously edited, and has an added interest in the possession of several agreeable and entertaining correspondents, among whose lucubrations we remark those of 'Dow, Jr.,' once of the '*Sunday Mercury*,' of our city, of whom our readers have so often heard, through copious extracts in these pages, from his attractive '*Short Patent Sermons*.' The following passages from late discourses of his, in the columns of '*The Golden Era*,' will show that he has lost no whit of his originality. The first embodies some sage reflections upon '*Night*,' and its various sights and sounds, at different seasons of the year:

'WHAT is the character of Night, say in the middle of Summer, when the moon is in her full glory, causing many a little star to hide its diminished head? When the long shadows of twilight have stretched themselves into nothing, (remember, I am speaking of the country—Nature's theatre,) what do we hear and see? A full orchestra of crickets, performing an overture to the melo-drama of Autumn, in the door-yard. Their music, as my friend POPE says, is 'harmony not understood'—not very easily. Their tunes all seem to be set upon the same key; but what that key is, it will take another key to ascertain. I should call it a contrivance between a night-key and the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin. But 'Let that pass,' as the old gander said, when he waddled across the track, and looked back at the locomotive, and return to the crickets. I call them the invisible minstrels of early eve; for, if you endeavor to seek them out, they swallow their music at the pat of a footstep, and silently remain the uncomatible 'evidence of things not seen.' . . . 'Night is set to melancholy airs. None of the merry glees that enliven the day are heard. Almost every song that NATURE sings behind the dusky curtain, sounds to me like Old Hundred hummed at the bottom of a forty-foot well, or 'Days of Absence' issuing from the bung-hole of an empty hoghead. Yet night seems just the time for human musicians to launch out all sorts of tunes—from grave to gay, from wild to raving distracted. The fiddle, the banjo, and the street-organ, then 'feel their oats, if ever; while the big man in the orchestra shoots sounds from his little piccolo sharp enough to prick pin-holes through a copper fire-shovel. By the plantation darkies of the South, NIGHT is made to kick up her heels to the jolliest of tunes. Day has no more music for the soul of a colored cotton-bug, than has a tin dinner-horn for a pair of stuffed breeches in a corn-field:

'WHEN all the day I plant the corn,  
And hill up many a row,  
I'm thinking of the evening horn  
That brings the old banjo.'

'The evening horn brings more intoxication to the ear of SAMBO, than do half-a-dozen eleven o'clock 'horns' to the brains of his master. It is the delightful harbinger of the hour when he shall be at liberty to lay down the hoe and take up his gourd to the tune of

'THE river rolled, the crickets sing,  
The lightning-bug be flashed his wing,  
Then like a rope my arms I fling  
Round ROSE of Alabama.'

A forcible idea is given in the following, of the '*Power of Association*,' in awakening remembrances of the past. There is a passage of 'OLLAPOD's' in which a kindred thought is feelingly treated :

'It is wonderful how little matters will recall youthful scenes, and wake up peculiar associations, not only in the hearts of those who stand firm and erect upon the mountain of manhood, but also those who feebly totter down the declivity that gently slopes to Jordan. A slice of water-melon, my friends, retains for me the flavor of a country church-yard, where I once in a fright dropped a noble specimen of the fruit, which I had wickedly purloined from a neighboring patch, at the pokerish hour of mid-night. The taste of a cucumber reminds me of the home-made bread and cheese that always accompanied it upon my piscatory excursions to the mill-pond for bull-heads. Methinks I now smell the old cheese-room, and see the devil's darning-needles that used to light upon my fish-pole. A single grape recalls the autumn-tinted woods, through which I was wont to roam in search of the tempting clusters, 'hanging careless and free;' the chipper-squirrel, nibbling his nut, and scolding, like Xantippe, at the intrusion; 'the crow, the crow, the great black crow,' giving three bobs of the head as he jerks out a *caw* from the pine-top, enjoining the chastening worm to hear him for his *caws*, and be silent, that he may hear; the blue-jay profanely paying a mocking to summer's departed choristers, and 'the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.' I no sooner stick my tooth into a fall-apple than the old orchard, where I hunted birds' nests, with blue and speckled eggs, and arrived at school just in time for a taste of the birch; the snagly old orchard, stands before me in its homespun attire. I see PLENTY emptying her apron there; the trees, partially relieved of their golden burdens, seem to lift up their heads to heaven, and thank the GIVER of all good with a pensive smile: the tenantless robin's nest is to be let, and yonder hornet's castle is to be let alone: the little yellow-jacket, with his dagger sheathed behind, is busy probing the wound of a storm-bruised pippin, while the brown wasp, too lazy to fold up his legs as he flies, wheels his droning flight to his domestic hole in the wall. Rambling blue daisies, destitute of sweet odor as beauty without virtue, invite the dalliance of yellow-winged butterflies, between whom and the grave there is scarce room enough to issue a good-sized prayer. The old orchard now smells of mortality, and the cider-mill — the cider-mill, where, hitched to a hickory sweep, the venerable bob-tail mare, sporting a pair of leather spectacles, 'performs the great circuit, and is still at home,' or wishes she was. Emblem of human life! round and round, ever in the dark: still round and round, and no nearer heaven than at the outset!'

The '*Golden Era*' must be 'doing a good stroke of business.' It has agencies all over the Auriferous State: at 'Bottle-Hill,' 'Campo-Seco,' 'Murphy,' 'Mud Springs,' 'Red Dog,' 'Rattlesnake,' 'Rabbit Creek,' 'Jim's Bar,' and other like euphonious places. - - - WHOEVER has steamed up that most beautiful of all American 'fresh-waters,' Lake GEORGE, must have regarded with great interest the rocky promontory, called 'RODGERS' SLIDE,' that bathes its giant feet in the pellucid wave below. When we saw it for the first time, it made a deep impression upon us; and yet we were mainly doubtful whether we were not mistaken as to whether it were the veritable *locale*. So we ventured to ask a tall Canadian-Englishman, with a huge plaid shawl upon his shoulders, and a small round eye-glass screwed into a very large, bulbous blue eye, what the mountain before us was called. He was some six or seven feet high, and rather 'retiring' in his manners. However, he screwed the little glass out of his big eye, looked down at us with a kind of subdued snort at our impertinence, and said: 'It is called '*A-Wodgers' Slide*': I understand that a puvrson of the name of A-WODGERS, being 'otly pershued by a peck of Indy-ans, slode down that ter-wifik steep upon his 'aunches!' 'Thank-ye!' we said, and 'vamosed' immediately. - - - LET those who have never lost a favorite Canary, or other pet-bird; who 'have no music in their souls;' who have never considered, as a part of the enjoyment, the comfort, the solace of every-day life, the fellowship of a companion like the one whose loss is here de-

plored — let all such, we say, pass over the following and read something *else*; we shall not say 'something better.' It is a simple and truthful description of the loss which a friend and correspondent ('G. C. M.') of our city has sustained 'in the death, (on Sunday, November eighteenth,) of one of those beautiful birds that GEOFFREY CRAYON and BRYANT have immortalized by their genius' — '*Robert of Lincoln*,' or '*BOB-O-LINK*.' Our friend writes :

'It is seldom that I have had a more painful task than in giving you a few of the incidents of the death of this dear and gentle bird, who for the year past has been part and parcel of my household. For you well know that in life we attach ourselves to some object of God's great handiwork, and ever see His wondrous ways in all. We thereby learn to love and reverence His goodness and His will. This dear little bird had always been a pet of mine, and he was as well-beloved by every member of my family, as if he were one of them. His sudden death has therefore awakened our grief; and deeply do we mourn his loss. He is

VANISHED from his sunny bowers,  
Wrecked on Death's dark sunken reef;  
Faded with the fading flowers,  
Fallen with the falling leaf.

'He was in his usual health and cheerfulness early on Sunday morning; taking his cold bath, as had been his daily practice during the past year. When he was first noticed in his mortal agonies it was about nine o'clock: at that time he was prostrate in his cage, struggling with the severity of the attack. Such remedies were immediately applied, in the exigencies of the moment, as we believed could in the slightest degree avail any thing in his behalf. A warm bath to his feet, and a few drops of wine on some bread, seemed to revive him from this stupor — in fact he was so much benefited by this generous treatment, that we entertained strong hopes of his speedy restoration to his wonted health. When we returned from church, at one o'clock, we found him on his perch, looking quite bright and cheerful. But an hour later, a more violent attack occurred, which again instantly prostrated him. Stimulants were again used, and every possible attention bestowed for some hours, but to no purpose. He gasped and struggled with pain for an hour or more, and died just as the far-away chimes of old Trinity were ringing for the evening service. A few minutes before his death, he opened his already glazing eyes, and then, without an effort, breathed his last in the hands of one of my daughters, yielding himself to his feathered ancestors and paternal Bob-o-links.

'On consulting my friend, Professor PETERSON, the ornithologist, with regard to the habits of the LINCOLNS, I find that they are often the victims to that aristocratic disease *the apoplexy*, and that it is more than probable that it was an attack of this proud malady which caused the sudden death of our cherished little songster. Mr. IRVING, in his entertaining and delightful sketch of the habits and character of these celebrated birds, more than intimates that they are fond of luxurious living; in short, are real *bon-vivants*.

'When the mournful event became known to all the family, every heart ached, and every eye filled with tears; so tenderly was he beloved, and so sincere was our grief for his sudden and untimely death. He was truly and most emphatically the very embodiment of all that was exquisite in the harmony of sound, and could touch the chords that vibrate to the inmost recesses of our hearts with his unrivalled powers of melody. His songs were always fresh, and very generally of a lively character — frequently running into the comic, without a particle of Ethiopian or Black-bird vulgarity. No one among his relatives, who in spring or early summer dwell in fields of grass or flowers, or under the wide-spreading branches of shade-trees, could be more happy, or sing with greater cheerfulness, than he.

'His early life was spent among a large collection of Canaries, from whom he learned much which added to his great natural powers, and made him at all times and seasons

a remarkable character. His matin songs were a joyous gush of music to greet 'the meek-eyed morning,' with now and then a prolonged trill, or a sweet carol, like the plaintive notes of the Robin, or the flute-like tones of the Oriole.

'Thus died, in the prime and vigor of his extraordinary powers, our beloved little songster, *Robert of Lincoln*. Most truly to him

'BELONGED the lay that lightly floats,  
And his the murmuring, dying notes,  
That fell as softly as snow on the sea,  
And could melt the heart as instantly!'

'Letters are to be sent to WASHINGTON IRVING, W. C. BRYANT, to the Editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and to Judge WILDMAN, communicating the mournful intelligence.

'There is much more of interest in reserve, but I have already trespassed upon your time and space, and must omit to state how and where he was buried; how he was shrouded by my young children in fine linen, and covered over as he lay for some days in the library with cypress and pine; and lastly, also, his bier with flowers.

'Judge WILDMAN sends me in response the following beautiful effusion:

### Lines

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE SUDDEN AND MELANCHOLY DEATH OF MY FRIEND G. C. MORGAN'S  
FAVORITE BIRD, ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

'BRING him back to the vale where he used to belong,  
To the sweet sunny meadows of music and song;  
Bring him back to the land where he used to be free —  
Lay him low 'neath the shade of the witch-hazel tree!

'Bring him back to the vale where the wild roses bloom,  
Let the poor LINCOLN orchestra chant o'er his tomb;  
Let his own meadow-daisy gleam bright o'er his breast —  
Lay him low in the grass by the Bob-o-link's nest.

'I know that the song which he sang in his cell,  
Might have seemed like the song of his own happy dell;  
But alas! while he caroled his sweet mellow lay,  
While his song was the sweetest, his heart was away!

'His heart was away in the green sunny bowers,  
Where BOB-O-LINK anthems are chanted 'mid flowers;  
His heart stole away to the meadow and lea,  
Where once his sweet song was the song of the tree!

'Think you that the prisoner, bound in his gloom,  
Could cheerfully warble his song of 'Sweet Home?'  
Think you that his soul could partake of those strains,  
'Mid the grating and jarring, and clanking of chains?

'No! no! the proud spirit would sink 'neath its weight,  
And perish 'mid tears that were poured through the grate;  
He might sing of *home*, though his soul would rebel;  
He might sing, although dying alone in his cell!

'Oh! then bring him back to his own happy vale,  
Where he sang his first song in the sweet summer gale;  
Lay him low by the stream where the tall grasses wave,  
Let the Morning weep tears over BOB-O-LINK's grave!

'Danbury, Nov. 21, 1855.

H. B. WILDMAN.'

A 'bird's-eye view' of bird-thought. - - - The name of FORBES has been so long identified with the 'Society Library' of this city, that every KNICKERBOCKER is familiar with it in 'that connection.' Mr. JOHN FORBES graduated from Columbia College in 1794 in the same class with the lamented PETER G. STUYVESANT, PETER A. JAY, SYLVANUS MILLER, (the only present survivor,) and other well-known and honored names. Mr. FORBES was chosen librarian the same year, and removed the Library from the old City Hall to the building erected for it in Nassau-street, where his extensive reading, retentive

memory, and sound judgment, long rendered him an able adviser of the numerous class of readers who found in the '*City Library*,' as it was familiarly called, their chief resource for study or research. Mr. PHILIP J. FORBES succeeded his father as Librarian, and has continued in that office until the present year, making a period of more than three-score years, during which the name has been associated with the Library. Mr. FORBES, still in the prime of life, and surrounded by friends who have long and favorably recognized his zeal and devotion to the institution to which he was attached, and his aptitude for his business as a Librarian, now comes forward in a new enterprise on his own account, which he announces in the following circular. We beg to assure our readers, in every part of the country, that a more trusty, well-informed, experienced agent for the purchase of books than Mr. FORBES, cannot be found on this continent :

'*Forbes' Athenæum*,

'371 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

'PHILIP J. FORBES, late Librarian of the *New-York Society Library*, respectfully informs his numerous friends, that he has opened, at No. 371 Broadway, second house above TAYLOR'S International Hotel, an establishment under the name of *Forbes' Athenæum*, the objects of which are to combine a Reading-Room with a Library of Reference, and the gradual formation of a collection of standard literature for general circulation; also, an Agency for the execution of orders for the purchase and sale of every variety of Books, Scientific Apparatus and Works of Art, whether from this country or abroad, and to furnish reliable information, to be obtained from the consultation of our public Libraries, and those of other cities, or from competent advisers.

'Mr. FORBES would respectfully suggest to gentlemen forming Libraries, or seeking special works, either for their private dwellings, counting-rooms, or offices, the advantage of intrusting their commissions to an experienced book-purchaser.

'Your patronage of this enterprise is respectfully solicited.

'PHILIP J. FORBES, *Librarian*.

'Terms of subscription, \$10 per annum. Orders from a distance, accompanied by a fee or draft, will meet with prompt attention.'

Mr. FORBES is receiving large orders. - - - A FRIEND in Lexington, Kentucky, (much, *very* much, did it grieve us, while in Louisville, that we could 'nt go there, and to Frankfort, and *Ashland*, with a party of friends, to partake of the true Kentucky hospitality, of which we had had such a foretaste, see the blooded cattle, and the 'Blue-grass Farms,' represented, as we were told, even feebly by the rich acres of 'HUNTER'S Bottom,' on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River — got to get back again, now, to the beginning of this sentence,) a friend then, as we have said, in Lexington, Kentucky, sends us the following '*Hard-Shell Baptist Sermon*,' which he avers to be genuine, and forwards us, in proof, the name of the speaker, and of his reporter. It almost equals, in closeness of argument, and stickiness to text, the 'spontaneous effort' of the clerical hero who played upon a '*Harp of a Thousand Strings*:'

"MY BREETHERING: The Scriptures tell us, 'we are *buried* with CHRIST by baptism.' '*Buried*,' my friends, not '*sprinkled*' by baptism.

"Suppose that one of you had lost your little dâ'hter, and you had laid her out, and prepared her for the grave; and your neighbors had come in and said: 'Friend, we will take thy child and bury it;' and afterward, when you went out to see the grave of your little one, you found they had laid her down and *sprinkled* a little earth over her! What would you have think of them?

"Suppose again, that in the fall of the year, you had dug your potatoes, your turnips, your parsnips, and your other roots for the winter's use, and had dug a trench to bury



'em in; and you had said to your servant, 'SALLY, take the house-gang and go and bury those potatoes, those turnips, those parsnips, and those other roots:' and afterward when you walked forth to see that all were safe and secure for the winter's use, you had found that they had just *sprinkled* a little dirt on them! What, my friends, would you have done? I *reather* suppose, my dear bretheren, you would ha' tried the virtews of the cow-skin!

"But they are not a bit worse than those poor, ignorant, and benighted Episcopalians and Presbyterians and Methodists, who sprinkle a leetle water on one another, and call it '*buried* by baptism!'

"I am afraid, my friends, I am very *much* afraid indeed, that they will catch something hotter than the cow-skin in the day of reck'ning!"

An illustration, after all, of the wisdom of the Oriental remark: 'The speaker is one thing, and the listener is another.' Doubtless, doubters were confirmed—believers strengthened—by this unanswerable argument. We have often heard arguments quite as ridiculous. - - - Our publisher has been on his travels, and in a gossiping letter to the EDITOR thus discourses of that 'travel's history:

Incidents of Winter Travel between New-York and Sandusky, Ohio.

'TO L. GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.:

'MY DEAR SIR: I have thought a few brief notes of a hasty trip to Sandusky might interest some of our readers, as no doubt the major part of them belong to the great travelling public; for whenever and wherever you go in our country, you find the cars and boats so filled, that the question very naturally arises, 'Do not our people travel continually?'

'On the afternoon of December 31st, I took up my line of March for the foot of Duane-street, to go by the New-York and Erie Rail-road to Dunkirk. On the ferry-boat I met a gentleman well known to many thousands of our people, through the columns of one of our most popular dailies, who was looking for some friend to take charge of his daughter, a young and lovely damsel of some sixteen summers, on her way to one of the boarding-schools in the western part of the Empire State. Having been indebted to my worthy friend in more ways than one, I gladly took the young lady in charge, well pleased to have so fair a companion for a part of my journey. As it proved, she was a far better traveller than myself; for I am never able to sleep in the cars. Yet this young lady, curling herself up as ladies are wont to do, on one of the wide seats of the Erie cars, (you don't find such on any other road,) with a thick shawl for a covering, like sweet Innocence upon its mother's breast was soon entirely unconscious of the manner in which we were whirling over the tortuous windings of our way. The night was very cold, the ground thickly covered with a dazzlingly white mantle of snow, so beautifully emblematic of angelic purity, while with our breath JACK FROST drew flowers upon the window-panes, with a magical skill that no artist hand could equal.

'The first night passed without any incident worthy of remark, the conductors keeping up to time, and every thing going as well as we could desire. The next morning, before sunrise, my fair young friend bade me adieu, to take one of the connecting roads to her destination.

'An occurrence which happened on the western division of the Erie Road, terminating at Dunkirk, afforded considerable amusement to the passengers, and may be worth relating. Our train was here about twenty to thirty minutes behind time, and there was some fear that we might miss the connection with the train going west from Dunkirk. In one of the cars were two very respectable gentlemen, each about sixty years of age, whom you would at once set down for Squire or Judge, if you should meet them in their native village, men that a glance would tell you were what the world calls well-to-do. Ah! what a democrat is the rail-road car! All distinctions are levelled here,



unless it be the poor emigrants, who are cooped up like chickens in a crate, with scarce any more attention to their comfort. Other travellers are all on an equal footing, and the choice of seats (for here none are reserved) belongs to those who come first. But to return. The first gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. A —, says to the gentlemanly conductor, 'Are we not behind time, Sir?' 'Yes, Sir, about twenty-five minutes.' At this, Mr. A — becomes very uneasy, repeating his question again and again, and at length saying it was of the utmost consequence to him to proceed without any detention. He would not fail being in Cincinnati the next day for a thousand dollars. He begged the conductor to go faster, saying: 'Can't you make up the time? A little more speed will surely bring us in,' etc. The conductor had given the engineer orders to proceed as rapidly as was consistent with safety, and the cars were then moving about thirty miles an hour. Upon this, Mr. B — accosts Mr. A —, saying, 'Why do you urge the conductor to go so fast? It is not safe, Sir. My neck is worth more to me than your thousand dollars, and I do not choose to risk it for your accommodation.' They continued in this way till they both began to get a little *high*, to the evident amusement of the passengers. In the mean time the cars were descending a grade, and having a clear sweep ahead, the engineer had got them going considerable over '2.40,' when Mr. A —, looking out of the windows, began to notice that they were almost flying; and beginning to reflect that 'discretion was the better part of valor,' he says quietly to the conductor: 'A'nt we going *rather* fast? Do you think it is entirely safe? I would not wish to have my head broke, even to arrive in time.' The conductor, seeing the state of the case, told him he had given the engineer orders to go with all possible speed: that there was a gentleman on board who would not fail to be in Cincinnati next day for a thousand dollars. Mr. A — was now seriously alarmed, and begged the conductor to countermand his orders at once. This had passed without Mr. B —'s notice, when the conductor, almost unable to contain himself, informs Mr. B — that A — is frightened, and wishes to go slower. At this Mr. B — jumps up in great glee, exclaiming, 'Where is he? Let me see him.' 'Ah!' he says, 'You have got enough of going fast, have you?' heartily enjoying Mr. A —'s fears, who could only say: 'Oh! go away; I don't want you to talk to me any more.' We are pleased to say that we had some fifteen minutes to partake of a very good dinner at Dunkirk before the train from Buffalo came along.

'It is sad to think that neither communities nor individuals can escape the consequences of misdeeds. We could not but think of this as we passed the borough of Erie, where if any were disposed to forgive and forget events no doubt sincerely repented of long ago, they were prevented from doing so by the remarks of some one reminding his neighbor of the facts which have given the place such an unenviable notoriety.

'I arrived at Cleveland about half-past five P.M., and to my surprise and regret found I could not go on to Sandusky that evening. I could have gone to Toledo, to Cincinnati, to Indiana, or to almost any other point except just where I wished to go, which was quite a consolation. I sometimes think necessity is about the only virtue I have, so I make the best of it; and as I went that pleasant but cold New-Year's night to a delightful warm chamber in the WEDDELL House, I could have asked nothing more than the presence of a few choice spirits it is my happiness to know in that charming City of the Lake. But I knew they were far more agreeably employed than in entertaining me; so mentally wishing each of them a happy New-Year, I was soon in a sound and refreshing sleep. The next morning, to accommodate the omnibus-driver, I had to leave the hotel at seven A.M., and shiver three-quarters of an hour in a miserable ticket-office, waiting for the cars which leave for Sandusky at eight o'clock. The ride along the lake to Sandusky was very pleasant; and soon after my arrival, I called on C. L. DEXBY, Esq., and had an opportunity of going through the rooms of the Cosmopolitan Art Association. Such a collection would attract thousands of visitors in New-York; and here I spent the time till the hour of dinner very pleasantly. The beautiful bay on which Sandusky is situated was now a lake of ice, and many persons were engaged in saving that precious luxury for the coming summer. Business at this time was so interrupted by the

season, that I could judge but little of the appearance of the city in the summer. Having finished my business and taken tea with Mr. DERRY and his lady, I was ready to return. The cars from Toledo and the west came along about seven p.m., and were disagreeably full and almost suffocating, the weather having moderated considerably. I reached Cleveland about ten o'clock, and soon took the cars for Erie and Buffalo. And here I would say, if the worthy President of the Lake-Shore Road and his associates do not intend to drive the travelling public into the lake, they are taking very certain means to drive them into the boats as soon as the navigation is open. Such a jolting as we got on that road we have seldom been favored with, and we hope we may not soon again. If none but dyspeptics were to travel over it, I think they might rely on being cured quicker than by any medicine they could take. O Mr. CASE! do try and have these rough places made smooth before next summer.

Having a good supper before I left Sandusky, and a supply of apples, provided by the thoughtful kindness of Mrs. DERRY, I did not feel like partaking of the oysters prepared for the passengers at Erie, about two a.m. We arrived in Buffalo about six, and at half-past were on our way over the Buffalo City road to Hornellsville. I asked the conductor if I could get breakfast here, as by this time (nine a.m.) I began to be somewhat hungry. Without inquiring how long the cars stopped, I prepared for breakfast, supposing all the passengers would breakfast here, as we had no time to do so at Buffalo. I had got about half-through eating, when the cars started without any notice, and I was left to enjoy the hospitalities of the place for twelve hours. I had left my little baggage in the car, so I telegraphed to have it taken out at Elmira, and kept till I arrived there; but, I am sorry to say, some one who had noticed that I did not return, considering himself entitled to my baggage, took and claimed it for his own, and I not being there, his claim is yet good.

I knew no person in Hornellsville except Mr. HALLETT, and my first thought was to call on him and see if he would not favor me with a discount in his bank. My bad luck still attended me, for I did not find him in; so this little arrangement could not be effected. I then went over to the American Hotel, which I take to be one of the ancient institutions of this new and rapidly-growing place, and asked the young man in the office if he could not give me a quiet room where I could throw myself on a bed and rest for a few hours. He gave me one in the upper story, which he said would be the most quiet. But quiet there was none, and the noise of heavy heels up and down the passage, and the bright sun-light in the room, made it impossible for me to sleep, and to this fact the reader is indebted for this veritable history: for finding I could not sleep, I rose and went down to the sitting-room, and called for paper and wrote out my narrative as a warning to all rail-road travellers, and to those who go on the Erie road in particular, to be sure and know how much time they have before they begin to eat; and here let me ask Mr. Superintendent McCALLUM, if passengers who ride ninety-one miles without any chance to eat, are not entitled to time for breakfast, and if he has no bowels of compassion for those who, like me, had travelled all night without any chance to get a bite except oysters, cakes, and pies at Erie?

While waiting for the train at Hornellsville, my attention was attracted by some lads in the dépôt who were gorging themselves with apples, candy, cakes, etc. I cannot but think the stomach of a boy, from fifteen to seventeen, is the most astonishing machine in the world. There is no calculating the amount of candy, pea-nuts, apples, and such things it will contain. The only thing I can liken it to is, one of the Sixth-avenue Rail-road cars on a rainy day. I have had considerable experience on that and other city rail-roads, and never saw a car full yet, at least not in the estimation of the conductor and driver. I should like to have some of the scientific gentlemen investigate a boy's stomach, and let the world know, if possible, its power of tension, whether it has any limit or not, how many pounds' pressure it will bear to the square inch, and any other facts throwing light on this important subject.

You can go from New-York to Cleveland, Ohio, six hundred miles, as a regular thing, day by day, in twenty-four hours. When shall we look for the same regularity and speed in our communication with the south? When shall we go to New-Orleans

in forty-eight hours? Rail-roads are now completed to Montgomery, Alabama. We put our question to the bland and gentlemanly Mr. POLLARD of Montgomery, to SIDNEY SMITH, Esq., of Mobile, and to the successful banker, JAMES ROBB, Esq., of New-Orleans. All these gentlemen are deeply interested in rail-roads in the South, and they could do much to facilitate the travelling in that direction. Why should not New-Orleans be as near New-York as St. Louis? The distance is no greater; and again we would ask, in conclusion, How soon shall we go to New-Orleans in two days?

'Not knowing, could n't say.' - - - Our little four-year old boy is a practical amalgamationist. Going out the other morning for our daily tramp over the hills, we found him playing with a little colored boy, of his own age, by the road-side, as happy as a lark. We gave him a kiss, and were passing on, when he said, pointing to the little black boy, with a sorrowful expression, as if he had been neglected or overlooked, 'Fader, kiss ABEEY!' His colored friend was 'purging thick amber' at the time, and the request struck us forcibly as one not to be complied with. No: though he had 'washed him in snow-water, and made his face never so clean,' we don't think we could have 'done the deed!' So we passed on, musingly, thinking alone of the frank and ingenuous sympathies of little children. - - - WELL, now come, 'Little People,' sit up at the 'Table,' and let us hear from you. 'Hold up your heads—speak loud and plain.' If there be any sour old bachelor, or any body else, who don't love you, ask them to read this: 'A plain and unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and the forest, and who had wielded the axe more than the pen, while speaking of children, remarked, *The little chips are nearest the heart.*' We don't tell where our little guests come from: save that they represent very different and widely-separated sections of our beloved country:

'LYMAN, my little nephew, two-and-a-half years old, climbed upon the table one day, calling himself 'Elder PARKER,' and pretending to preach. In the midst of his discourse he turned to his mother and said: 'Mother, Elder PARKER wants a cake;' which was procured for him. Pretty soon he said: 'Mother, Elder PARKER wants *another* cake:' but the reply was: 'No! one at a time is enough.' 'Why, Mother,' said he, in a tone of rebuke; 'you should let Elder PARKER have all he wants.'

'Our little boy, a bright, observing child of five summers, says so many funny things, that I cannot resist the desire to tell you some of them. Yesterday, for example, being a bright Sunday morning, he went with his nurse to a distant church. As you well know, in the Episcopal Church the collection for the day is generally taken up before the sermon. This was the case here. When he left the church, he remarked to his father, that Mr. H—— preached a good sermon, but took his money first. In the afternoon he went with his mother to the service. After the sermon was concluded, and the blessing pronounced, he looked up into her face with the inquiry: 'Don't we have to pay?'

Here is another, but not a 'child-story':

'I HEARD, when I was in Michigan, last summer, a good story. An old darkey, very pious, went out a-fishing with one of the citizens of —. He was expatiating largely on religious subjects, when he remarked that he had 'been up to Heaven to see the LORD;' and he was giving forth in glowing characters the beauties of that place, and of its glorious inhabitants, when Mr. D—— asked him: 'Well, JOHN, did you see any colored folks there?' 'No, massa: I don't know, for I did n't go into de kitchen!'

'I was traversing the southern tier of our counties a short time since; when, overtaken by a storm which had suddenly arisen, I sought shelter in a very comfortable-

looking domicil, possessing much of the 'Old Homestead appearance' we sometimes read of. The family was quite large; and at evening prayers I saw assembled the gray and the flaxen-haired. The eldest of the company, I should judge, had seen at least the third generation of his name; a worthy sire, and one who demanded reverence at first sight. I felt peculiarly awe-stricken when this old man, after reading a chapter in the Bible, knelt to offer thanks for the manifold blessings of our common CREATOR. The room would have resounded to the least noise: and all were silent until the final 'Amen!' which was uttered with peculiar emphasis. Hardly had the 'Amen' been uttered, when a bright-eyed urchin suddenly projected his tow-head above the table on the other side of the room, and inquired: 'Grandpa, why don't you say, *'A-women!'* sometimes, when you done praying?' The effect was irresistible.

'A GENTLEMAN from the South has a bright little colored servant of about ten or twelve years of age, who has a decided fancy for running with the 'PHŒNIX' fire-engine, and which, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, he persists in calling the 'FONICKS.' In endeavoring, one day, to impress upon him the proper pronunciation of the word, the following conversation was held:

'LADY: 'ANDREW why do you keep calling the engine, 'Fonicks?' It's not a 'Fonicks'—it's a Phœnix.

'BOY: 'Miss MA'y, (for MARY,) it's a 'Fonicks,' the boys a' sa' so.'

'LADY: 'NO, ANDREW, it's a *Phœnia*. Now see if you can't say so.'

'BOY, (still unconvinced:)' 'But the boys all call it the Fonicks, and it *is* a Fonicks.'

'LADY: 'Now, ANDREW, you're a gentleman's servant, and you want to talk as gentlemen talk, don't you?'

'BOY: 'Yes, Miss MA'y.'

'LADY: 'Well, if you will listen to me, I'll tell you why they call it a Phœnix, and you must always call it so. The PHŒNIX was a bird that arose out of the ashes of the great.'

'BOY, (with a face expressive of great astonishment:)' 'O Miss MA'y!'

'LADY: 'Yes: will you remember?'

'BOY, (with great force and indignation:)' Miss MA'y, I don't-a-believe that story at all, for here I'seen a-cleanin' the ashes out ob de grate these fo' years, an' I neber see no bird rise out ob it.'

'We are living on the old homestead, and of course have plenty of fruit. We have also two little boys, one in his twelfth and the other in his sixth year; and it is a matter of great strife between them which shall be up soonest in the morning, to gather the finest of the fruit that falls during the night. Their father encourages this in them, as inculcating a habit of early rising, telling them that 'It is the early bird that gathers the worms.'

'A few nights since, after hearing my youngest one say his prayers, and putting him nicely to bed, with his good-night kiss, as I was about leaving the room, he called me back, and said: 'Mamma, I *told* dear Heavenly FATHER last night, that if he would make the peaches fall on the ground, I would try and please HIM ever so much; and this morning when I got up, the ground was covered.' And I then remembered that he did come in that morning with his little cap filled. And he was serious in his conviction that it was in answer to his prayer. A beautiful instance of childish faith, was it not?'

'MODER, my little DICKY bird is dead, and I have buried him under the white rose-bush. I cried a little, too, but I could 'nt help it,' said my little curly-headed 'VELTIE,' while, with arms about my neck, he kissed me a 'welcome home,' after an absence of four weeks in the country. I consoled with him in all sincerity for the loss of his little favorite; it was a pet with us all; and assured him as soon as I was rested, he should go with me and point out the spot where he had laid the little warbler. 'Mamma,' he says, 'I guess we could n't find it, for I did n't put any brimstone to his grave!'—meaning tomb-stone.'

'ONE of my own, (a girl of three summers,) making the inquiry relative to what became of a play-mate of hers after death, was replied to by the mother, 'that the *body* returned to dust, and the *soul* to God who gave it.' Immediately after, as if a few moments' pondering had originated an unsatisfied idea, she asked: 'Mother, if the bodies of white children return to *dust*, do niggers' bodies return to *mud*? 'The maternal side of the house was *mum*!'

'I HAVE two little girls—JENNIE, seven; and ANNIE, five. The former was singing a stanza, the other day, running somehow thus:

— 'THE sun went down  
Behind the mountain grey,  
And not a single star appeared  
To shoot a silver ray:'

when ANNIE remarked: 'Why, JENNIE, may-be the little silver ray did n't *want* to be shooted!'

'JENNIE inherits from me an unmixed horror of cradle-rocking: and during nurse's absence, she performs that ceremony with a very bad grace. Last night she was 'saying her prayers' audibly, and concluded thus: 'Heavenly FATHER, please to make me *love to rock the cradle*, and let every body *go to you, if you please*: Amen!'

'THE other day our little boy saw a 'colored lady' in the house for the first time: after contemplating the strange phenomenon a moment, with his little hands behind him, he went up to her, and looking into her face exclaimed, with a countenance indescribable: 'Why! how dirty you are!'

'MAMIE was at the dinner-table one day, when her brother came in, after having made a visit to the barber. She laughed, and being asked why, said: 'Budder looks so *new*!' At another time, she showed him her little dress, and said: 'Budder, I whipped my d'ess.' 'You must not say '*wip*' but '*rip*,' said her mother; I don't say wip.' 'Mamma, did n't you say wip when you was a little girl?'

'No more at present,' little folk. - - CAPTAIN FOLGER, the present lessee of The '*Seventy-Six*,' or '*Major Andre House*' at Old Tappan, has used his pencils to good advantage in literally 'revolution'-izing the memorable edifice. As you enter the west room on the right, facing '*Major Andre's Room*,' on the walls, on each side of the doors, hang the first American flags, used at the outbreak of the Revolution, in festoons, consisting of the '*Pine Tree*,' 'PAUL JONES's '*Rattle-Snake*,' the New-England '*Dissected Snake*,' and PUTNAM'S '*Flag of Defiance*,' raised on Dorchester Heights, while the British were occupying Boston. On the opposite side of the room are the American flags. Surrounding each window, tied together in knots against the ceiling, completely surrounding the room, are festoons of flowers, connected by shields, on each of which is emblazoned the name of some one of our revolutionary worthies. At the end of the room where ANDRE'S room was formerly situated, is now painted a *fac-simile* of his prison, with its scanty furniture. Directly over the room, festoons of evergreens are hung, joined by knots of crape, making, altogether, a very interesting medley of patriotic scenes and emblems. This is the ball (and sometimes supper) room, where several assemblies have already been held. The bar-room has been similarly cared for: beside which it contains a great variety of revolutionary and other curiosities, which are well worthy inspection. We trust the CAPTAIN may be well supported, in the festive season which is now upon us. He certainly has striven hard to *deserve* success, and we doubt not he will achieve it. - - - A 'DUNCAN'S Falls' correspondent, who writes us from Mansfield, Ohio, sends us the following 'Colored Discourse,' for 'the entire authenticity of which he vouches without reserve,' having taken it down from the thick lips of the reverend orator himself:'

'My tex', bruderen and sisteren, will be foun' in de fus' chapter ob Ginesis, and de twenty-seben verse:

'So de Lox make man jst like Hese'f.

'Now my bruderen, you see dat in de beginnin' ob de world de LOR' make ADAM. I tole you *how* he make him: He make 'im out ob clay, an' he sot 'im on a board, an' he look at him, an' he say 'Furs-rate;' an' when he get dry, he brethe in 'im de breff of life. He put him in de garden of Eden, and he sot 'im in one corner ob de lot, an' he tole him to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard: dem he wanted for he winter-apples. Byme-bye ADAM he get lonesome. So de LOR' make EBE. I tole you *how* he make her. He gib ADAM lodlom, till he git sound 'sleep: den he gouge a rib out he side, and make EBE: an' he set EBE in de corner ob de garden; an' he tole her to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard: dem he want for winter-apples. Wun day de LOR' go out a bisitin': de debbil come along: he dress hisself in de skin ob de snake, and he find EBE; an' he tole her: 'EBE! why for you no eat de apple in de middle ob de orchard?' EBE say: 'Dem de LOR's winter-apples.' But de debbil say: 'I tole you for to eat dem, case deys de best apples in de orchard.' So EBE eat de apple an' gib ADAM a bite; an' de debbil go away. Byme-by de LOR' come home, an' he miss de winter-apples; an' he call: 'ADAM! you ADAM!' ADAM he lay low: So de LOR' call again: 'You ADAM!' ADAM say: 'Hea! LOR', and de LOR say: 'Who stole de winter-apples?' ADAM tole him he don't know — EBE, he expec'! So de LOR' call: 'EBE!' EBE she lay low: de LOR' call again: 'You EBE!' EBE say: 'Hea! LOR'. De LOR' say: 'Who stole de winter-apples?' EBE tole him she don't know — ADAM she expec'! So de LOR' cotch 'em boff, and he trow dem ober de fence, an' he tole 'em, 'Go work for your libin'!'

Is'nt that *negro*, 'all over?' - - - ORIGINAL to the last, a favorite and unique correspondent — whose *peculiar* 'poetry' has found circulation and imitators in almost every quarter of the country — sends us the following '*Stanzas to Angelina*.' We insert a few verses, to show how little mere beauty has to do with true affection:

'How oft to thee, sweet one-eyed friend,  
Must I confess my errors!  
Here at thy feet again I bend,  
In your prim, tidy little room;  
And own I envy one, for whom  
Strabismus has no terrors.

'The line of beauty in your nose  
Beats HOGARTH's grandest notion;  
For his, I think, had but two bows,  
But yours has half-a-dozen crooks  
To heighten your angelic looks,  
And seal my rapt devotion!

'And need I praise thy skinny lips,  
Thou well-preserved old angel!  
Thou seest my muse but lightly skips  
Those wrinkles which, I doubt me not,  
Are 'lines of beauty' too, and ought  
Not to be deemed a strange ill.

'That sword-like chin I often dream  
Is very near another  
Owned by myself, and then I seem  
To smack by instinct — while the paint  
Which I rub off seems like a faint  
Impression of — 'My MOTHER!'

'Then take, thou free-gift of the skies,  
With bulbous feet so tiny,  
Oh! take, before thy lover dies,  
His wretched heart, and make it beat  
Like your prepost'rous Dutch repeat-  
Er, dearest ANGELINA!

JAQUES MAURICE<sup>1</sup>



What a flattering 'tribute!' - - - Not a few of our readers, certainly not a few of our friends and contemporaries in the country, but will have seen the counterpart of the amusing incident recorded below, by a new correspondent, 'H. A.,' Jr. One kindred occurrence *we* mean to relate, 'when time and space shall serve :'

'TWENTY-FIVE years since, when the rail-road and the telegraph, the two mightiest engines of modern civilization, did not as yet exist even in the imagination, the transmission of the President's message, so eagerly looked for by men of all parties, was a work requiring a far greater expenditure both of time and trouble than at present. Weeks even elapsed before it could be said to have made the circuit of the country. Nevertheless the same spirit of emulation as to which should be the first to spread its contents before their readers, existed among the newspapers of that day as at present.

'The little town of Wimbleton boasted two newspapers, the Wimbleton *Patriot* and the Wimbleton *Banner*. Circumscribed as was the field of their operations, the rivalry between CÆSAR and POMPEY was not carried to a greater pitch than that between Mr. HUGGINS, of the *Patriot*, and Mr. MUGGINS, of the *Banner*. Each exhibited a commendable spirit of enterprise, in being the first to chronicle any important or unimportant item of news, relative to the general or personal interests of Wimbleton and its inhabitants, and the forestalling party was sure to remind its less fortunate competitor of its superiority in such cases.

'For example, the *Patriot* one week devoted half-a-column to a thrilling account of the burning of a window-curtain in the house of the widow STUCKELY, and commented at length upon the admirable presence of mind with which the widow succeeded in staying the conflagration. The editorial closed with the remark: 'We presume that our brother of the *Banner*, such is his want of enterprise, is quite unaware that such an important incident has transpired in our midst, and will gain his first knowledge of it from our columns.'

'The next week, however, the *Banner* had its revenge, containing, as it did, the exclusive intelligence of the untimely death of Dr. PATTERSON's cat; that unhappy feline having been (to use the language of the *Banner*) 'accidentally precipitated down the Doctor's well, and thus cut down in the flower of its existence, leaving a family of seven kittens to mourn its unhappy fate.' The *Banner* concluded: 'We have, at great personal trouble, succeeded in gathering all the details of this melancholy disaster, determined to keep far in advance, as we always have done hitherto, of our *slow* neighbor, the *Patriot*.'

'But a more important matter was soon to form a bone of contention between the two rival newspapers.

'The session of Congress had commenced, and the President's message was daily expected. The *Patriot* and the *Banner* were on the *qui vive*, each determined to forestall its opponent.

'At length the *Banner* received information that the message had been received in a city some fifteen miles distant; and the editor, determined on a bold stroke, secured a horse and wagon and posted off, intending to have some five hundred copies struck off at the office of one of the city dailies, headed, 'Wimbleton *Banner*, Extra,' and distributed through the town before the *Patriot* could open its eyes to see what was going on.

'An hour after Mr. MUGGINS' departure, Mr. HUGGINS learned the nature of the *coup d'état* by which his rival intended to distance him. And was he to sit patiently under it? Not HUGGINS.

'SAM,' said he, calling from his office-door to a boy who was playing marbles across the way, 'come here, I want to speak to you.'

'SAM hitched up his trowsers and went.

'How would you like a ride this morning?' inquired the editor, urbanely.

'Fust rate,' was the reply.

'Then go and harness up the black pony. I want you to go to the city. I will get



a letter ready, and shall want you to wait till afternoon, when perhaps there will be something for you to bring back. But mind, and don't tell any body where you are going.'

'In a trice the black pony was harnessed to a light wagon, and quarter of an hour afterward, SAM was on his way to the city, with a message to one of the city dailies to print off five hundred copies of the message, headed, 'Wimbleton *Patriot*, Extra,' and send them back by SAM forthwith.

'SAM put the black pony to her utmost speed, and succeeded in passing Mr. MUGGINS, who, wholly unconscious of his rival's counterplot, was jogging contentedly along, anticipating with no little glee the discomfiture of HUGGINS.

'SAM's errand sped. By four o'clock that same afternoon, he deposited in the *Patriot* office the bundle of 'extras,' and in less than an hour afterward they were distributed throughout the village.

'Mr. MUGGINS also succeeded in his mission. Thinking, however, that there was no especial need of haste, he did not start on his return to Wimbleton until the next morning.

'At ten o'clock precisely, he reined up in front of the Wimbleton Hotel. Rising slowly in his seat, he displayed in one hand a copy of the '*Banner Extra*,' and swinging his hat aloft in the other, shouted in jubilant tones:

'Three cheers for the President's message!'

'Roused by the shout the landlord made his appearance.

'What are you shouting about the President's message for, you 'tarnal fool?' he ejaculated. 'HUGGINS published it in an 'extra' yesterday afternoon, and every body in town's read it by this time!'

'Poor MUGGINS! His pride was suddenly and rudely taken down; and without a word he drove down to the river, into which he pitched the whole edition of the '*Banner Extra*,' which he had taken so much pains to issue.

'The Wimbleton *Banner* never got over the shock of its discomfiture. In less than three months the last number was issued, and MUGGINS left town to find a home in the Great West.'

It was high time to 'put out.' - - - 'Put on your hat at once, and come with me!' said a friendly neighbor the other afternoon, as he burst noiselessly but *very* suddenly into our country sanctum: 'say not a word to Dame KNICK, but come out quietly and instantly, so as not to surprise or frighten her, or any of the family. 'Young KNICK' has taken little E ——, (our four-year old 'wee boy') into the carriage, with that spirited horse which stood at your door; the horse has run away with them at an awful speed, around the hill, and down the upper road! We may intercept them!' To the father or mother who may read this, little need be said. May *we* be spared from ever again having such a whirlwind of mental agony as swept by us with that foaming horse, with eyes distended, snorting nostrils, and trailing fragments of harness! On we hurried. Presently, coming to a turn in the road, we met 'Young KNICK,' covered with mud, leading his little brother bare-headed and unharmed — not a scratch, a bruise, or a wound upon either of them! The first had been thrown head-long from the vehicle, as it struck a way-side tree; the other little fellow remained in the carriage until it was turned completely bottom-side up; at which time the horse liberated himself from it; and when first seen emerging from under the wheels, he said: 'Lou-Lu, was n't *that* a nice ride?' And pointing to the horse, as he was rushing away, he added:

'THAT's the way the money goes —  
POP! goes the weasel!'

How can we describe our emotions? — the change from fear and despair to the light and life of a joyous reality? This may be considered as scarcely worth the telling: but the fact is, little E — is a 'great boy,' if he is small. On a recent bitter-cold night — it could n't have been colder if the thermometer had been as long as a spy-glass — as he was lying in bed, and putting his arms round his father's neck, and snuggling up to him, the 'old gentleman' remarked: 'That is right, little boy — cuddle up close, and we'll be as warm, and 'as snug as a bug in a rug.' 'Yes, fader,' he said, 'We'll be as warm as *two* bugs in *two* rugs.' Mathematics, of this exalted type, is rare in one so very young. A bank-presidency or cashiership will doubtless be his ultimate destination. - - - READER, *purchase* the following book:

VILLAGE AND FARM COTTAGES: THE REQUIREMENTS OF AMERICAN VILLAGE HOMES considered and suggested: with Designs for such Houses, of Moderate Cost. By HENRY W. CLEVELAND, WILLIAM BACKUS, and SAMUEL D. BACKUS. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

PRECISELY such a work as was very much wanted, and one of the most admirably executed books of its class we have ever seen. It is printed in the very best manner, upon paper of the finest color and texture, and illustrated with one hundred good engravings. We are glad to see the work so cordially welcomed, and can safely predict for it a wide sale. It is 'the very thing' for that numerous class who cannot afford to build expensive houses; for it shows how a charming home-mansion, tasteful and beautiful to the eye, and abounding with interior comforts, and pleasant surroundings, may be secured at a comparatively small cost. We have representations of some two dozen cottages and farm-houses, of various size, accommodation, and style, ranging in estimated cost, from six hundred to three thousand dollars. These humble elevations are, for the most part, simple and graceful; tastefully set off with accompaniments of shrub and tree, and show how beautiful rural cottages may and ought to become. The floor plans and sections show that the attention given to the internal arrangements has been most careful and judicious. To make communication easy between the rooms, and yet to insure privacy and seclusion; to facilitate the work of a household with few or no servants; to make the little abode pleasant to its inmates and inviting to friends, is the evident, and, we think, the successful intent of the authors. Working plans and printed specifications for each house can be had at a trifling cost, upon application to the architects. This is a novel feature in architectural publications, and a very judicious one. 'The book contains many useful remarks, and truly practical hints. Any person about to build may read with profit the sections on the choice of a lot, on the adoption of a plan, on painting, on our forest timbers, and on the application of principles to details.' - - - Is 'NT the following intensely *French*? It is a copy of a letter received by one of our mercantile houses from an indignant Frenchman, to whom they had refused to sell a bill of goods on time. We find it in the '*Express*' daily journal:

'GENTLEMENS: We have receive one polite note of you to say that you have refuse to sell to us of the Goods. We have much of sorrow, gentlemen, that you have refuse, for by it you have lose one elegant customer, and many thousand dollar in profit. You have not inquire in the right places about our responsibilit . You have inquire of *miserables* who have the jealousy of our *grande* respectabilit , and who have the desire

that we shall be as contemptable as they. You shall to us tell who they are, and we shall pull the nez and use of the cowhide against them. We have gentlemens of great respectabilite, as you shall see. One of my partner has since long time been one director in the Merchants Bank, and the other is always a very rich man. We write this note at you for to show, that you have much lost by to refuse to sell to us of the Goods, and we have the desire of you to satisfy that we have of responsibilit  very much. We have *beau coup* of sorrow for you, gentlemens, that you have lose one *splendid* customer, but you have the fault, not we. If you had ask in the right places you would have find that which we said to be not no lie. The Goods that we shall now want we shall buy at other gentlemens who have not the fear of to get cheated. With much of respect,' etc.

A perfect *caricature* of good English. - - - THANKS to our Massachusetts 'friend,' 'W. S. S.' for his correspondence and his *designation*. We accept both with pleasure. He writes—after a few words which we beg him to believe we cordially appreciate—as follows: '*A Good Thing*' is not properly before the people, and fittingly chronicled, unless it first appears in the KNICKERBOCKER: I send you, therefore, the following, which was 'quit-claimed' to me a few evenings since by the Rev. Dr. O——D, a venerable and venerated clergyman of this city, himself a man after your own heart, in his keen appreciation of an '*humorosity*,' and whose 'good things' *said*, are only exceeded by his good things *done*, during a life of over seventy years. Not long since, as he, like the conundrumical turkey aforetime mentioned in your pages, was 'going round, doing good,' he called upon 'one sick;' a man who, although long a resident within the reverend Doctor's precincts, had but rarely come under the fertilizing effects of the 'droppings of the sanctuary.' He was a *very* sick man: and Dr. O——D, after conversing with and exhorting him in his usual fervid and impressive manner, proposed to pray with him. No objection being made, he proceeded to offer up a feeling petition in his behalf. In the course of his fervid supplication, he prayed that the sick man might be brought to see the error of his ways, and (*inter alia*) that he might have a '*new heart*.' At this point of the ceremony the invalid interposed: 'Stop! stop! Dr. O——D! You're all *wrong*! There an't any thing the matter with my *heart*; that's all *right enough*! It's my *liver* that's ailin'!' This anecdote is entirely true, in every respect. SYDNEY SMITH, therefore, may talk as he please concerning the matter-of-fact conceptions of the Scotch: but is there any thing extant in the 'Land o' Cakes,' that can exceed this *very* important misconception? - - - WHAT a work is *Irving's Life of Washington*! Who can explain the mystery of style? Here it is half-past-one o'clock in the morning, and yet we could *not* lay down the volume till we had finished it. We shall have somewhat to say of it in our next. Our friend Mr. C. T. EVANS, Commission Bookseller, at Number 18 GILSEY Building, corner of Courtlandt-street and Broadway, is the General Agent for the sale of the work in the State of New-York. - - - For the last ten days, in town and country, every body has been half-freezing to death, or weather-bound by heaped-up drifts, or wastes of snow. And now comes 'E. M.,' our clerk of the weather, at Brooklyn-Heights, to say that we have had 'a cold term;' that he has had a '*frigorific* current,' and that his 'flag-staff' was bent *exceedingly much*! (See '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal of this date, January the fifteenth.) When does the next *Humbugeous Term* begin? What say the 'librations' on the 'WIRES?' - - - WE don't know of any body who could have written the following, except it might be the writer's brother,

CHARLES G. LELAND, author of '*Meister Karl's Sketch-Book*,' a rare and quaint work just published :

'*Edibibus.*

'M D C C C L V I.

'He sat in a garret in Fifty-four,  
To welcome Fifty-five.  
'God knows,' said he, 'if another year  
Will find this man alive.  
I was born for love, I live in song,  
Yet loveless and songless I'm passing along.  
And the world? Hurrah!  
Great soul, sing on!'

'He sat in the dark in Fifty-four,  
To welcome Fifty-five.  
'God knows,' said he, 'if another year  
I'll any better thrive.  
I was born for light, I live in the sun,  
Yet in darkness and sunless I'm passing on.  
And the world? Hurrah!  
Great soul, shine on!'

'He sat in the cold in Fifty-four,  
To welcome Fifty-five.  
'God knows,' said he, 'I'm fond of fire,  
From warmth great joy derive.  
I was born warm-hearted, and oh! it's wrong,  
For them all to coldly pass along.  
And the world? Hurrah!  
Great soul, burn on!'

'He sat in a Home in Fifty-five,  
To welcome Fifty-six.  
'Throw open the doors!' he cried aloud,  
'To all whom Fortune kicks.  
I was born for love, I was born for song,  
And great-hearted men my halls shall throng.  
And the world? Hurrah!  
Great soul, sing on!'

'He sat in bright light in Fifty-five,  
To welcome Fifty-six.  
'More lights!' he cried out, with joyous shout,  
'Night ne'er with day should mix.  
I was born for light, I live in the sun,  
In the joy of others my life's begun.  
And the world? Hurrah!  
Great soul, shine on!'

'He sat in great warmth in Fifty-five,  
To welcome Fifty-six,  
In a glad and merry company  
Of whole-souled, noble Bricks!  
I was born for warmth, I was born for love,  
And here I am, thank God above!  
And the world? Hurrah!  
Great soul, burn on!

H. F. I.'

Read this over again. - - - Our esteemed friend and contemporary, of the Boston '*Transcript*' evening journal, gave recently a graphic description of the scene which presented itself to the passengers upon a Boston and Bangor rail-road, the morning after Christmas, as they sped by forests

and fields, silvered with the frozen spray of the previous evening's darkness and drizzle; and he cites, with extreme appropriateness, the beautiful lines quoted in a subsection of '*Ollapodiana*,' in the KNICKERBOCKER, describing a similar scene. But oh! how far short it must have fallen from what *we* saw, in company with a friend and correspondent that same morning! Never shall we see the like again. Such a combination of loveliness and grandeur comes but once to a man in a life-time. Through pines, and cedars thickly set with pale blue berries; through leafless maples and beeches; past reaches of long forest grass, with heads like the bearded rye, past lower ever-greens, with trailing vines among them, covered with crimson balls, like the berries of the mountain-ash — through all these we ascended to *Rockland Tower*, commanding a view hundreds of miles in extent. And *every thing* — every tree, leafless or heavy with undying green, each blade of grass, bare spray — *all* was one *grand prism*! Every *rifled tree* was a chandelier; every *ever-green* bowed its head with its weight of diamonds; every blue and red berry was a gem of the first water, and of matchless polish! But beautiful as all this was, it was excelled in *magnificence* of effect by the bare silver upland-woods, across the Tapaän-Zee, and over against the far eastern horizon, gleaming between us and the bright morning sun! What a contrast was this to the cold, dim blue of the *western* mountains, fading into dimness in the distance! But after all, no body could appreciate it who had n't *seen* it, and we might just as well have said nothing about it. Such a scene 'throws Description upon the parish.' However, 'what is writ, is writ.' Would it were worthier, as a picture of what can never pass from our memory, while we have a standing on God's earth, and a breathing in His blessed air. - - - New-York long wanted a great and a free library of reference; and at length such a boon was bestowed upon it by its wealthiest merchant. This is a 'fixed fact,' which demands more emphatic mention than it has yet received. A visit to the noble establishment, erected and furnished forth so munificently as a free gift to the Commercial Emporium, commands the fullest admiration of the citizen and the stranger. It has already accomplished much toward enhancing the reputation of the metropolis, and affords a resource of inestimable value to the student, the artist, and the artisan. It is to be regretted that any portion of the public, however thoughtless, should view the arrangements indispensable for the care and just use of such a library through an oblique and distorted medium. It is needless to enter into an argument to prove the necessity for a methodical and systematic control of a collection of a hundred thousand volumes, all of great value and perfection of condition, resorted to daily, and freely to be enjoyed by every applicant. The spirit of censure which, some months since, found vent in a limited portion of the press, has given way to a clearer view of the responsibilities and difficulties which attend the details of such a labor as the care and order of a large library demand. And those cognizant of the facts can attest, that a more assiduous and efficient superintendent than Doctor COGSWELL, could nowhere be found. - - - A WESTERN friend sends us the following, as an extract from the census-statistics return of the town of H —, in Iowa: 'What is the population of your town?' The answer was: 'Irish, 175: Amsterdam Dutch, 109: other dam Dutch, 200: Whites, 007: Total population, 491. There were formerly *eight* white men, including the writer, who has

'decamped,' 'levanted,' 'vamosed the ranch!' - - - How can we respond to the kindness of our friend 'T —', who sent us such an acceptable present from the shores of 'Old Massachusetts Bay?' It was a most sensible, valuable, welcome gift; and when, around our well-filled table, the little people's rosy mouths are made rosier still by the ruddy fruit. We feel a renewed regret that we cannot personally thank the generous donor for his timely and considerate tribute. - - - FIVE pages of brief book-notices, two of 'Children's Gossip,' with capital communications from 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' 'H. P. L.,' etc., await insertion in our next. It will be seen that we are much crowded in this department of our magazine the present month. - - - BEHOLD the great JOHN PHENIX, *alias* 'SQUIBOB!' The likeness (a daguerreotype) is perfect :



*Yours respectfully*  
*John P. Squibob*

NOTE.—This autograph may be relied on as authentic, as it was written by one of Mr. Squibob's most intimate friends.



It seems impossible for Mr. PHENIX to touch *any* subject, without educing some 'food for fun' out of it. Being in Monterey, and writing of pecuniary and local matters there, he thus describes the '*State of the Markets*:'

'THE arrival of a stranger by the Maj. TOMPKINS from San-Francisco, during the past week, with specie to the amount of \$4.87½, most of which has been put in circulation, has produced an unprecedented activity among our business men. Confidence is in a great measure restored, and our merchants have had no reason to complain of want of occupation. The following is the state of our market, for the principal articles of domestic consumption:

'FLOUR — Twenty-five pounds, imported by Boston & Co. per Major TOMPKINS, still in first hands: flour in small quantities is jobbing readily at 15 @ 18 cents  $\frac{3}{4}$  n. We notice sales of 10  $\frac{1}{2}$  by Boston & Co., to Judge MERRITT, on private terms.

'PORK — The half bbl. imported by Col. RUSSELL, in March last, is nearly all in the hands of jobbers: sales of 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  at \$1, half-cash: remainder in note at 4 months. A half bbl. expected by BOOTJACK & Co., early in September, will overstock the market.

'CANDY — Sales of 6 sticks by Boston & Co. to purser of Maj. TOMPKINS, on private terms: the market has a downward tendency: candy is jobbing in sticks at 6 @ 8 cents.

'POTATOES — We notice arrival of 10  $\frac{1}{2}$  from the Santa Cruz: no sales.

'DRY GOODS — Sales of two cotton pocket hdkfs. by MCKINLEY & Co. at 62½ @ 75 cents: indorsed note at 6 months.'

Heavy commercial sales' there! - - - By a paragraph in the marine department of our metropolitan newspapers, it will have been seen, that four ELEPHANTS recently arrived at this port from the neighborhood of Siam. A friend who crossed the Atlantic with them, represents their sufferings by seasickness as terrible in the extreme. In order to 'trim ship,' they were kept in pairs on each side of the main upper-deck, where they were accustomed to walk for exercise. Their trunks had been examined at the 'customs' in Liverpool, and nothing contraband found in them. About five hundred miles out, with a heavy 'head sea,' they began to manifest symptoms of distress: and our friend says, that as often as he has crossed the ocean, he never saw *any* passengers so afflicted with *nausea-marina*. The elder of the four, who had until now escaped, and who had cheered his companions by his counsel and his example, when he saw the depth of their distress, as they leaned over the taffrail, and gave vent to their uncontrollable malady, was himself compelled to 'give in' to the nauseous infection. Indeed, he was more powerfully affected than either of the others. In his agony, he took a 'bight' with his trunk upon the main-mast fifty feet above the deck, and endeavored to swing himself into the sea: but he was too weak to effect his suicidal purpose. It is dreadful even to *think* of what those half-reasoning creatures must have suffered in that lingering voyage! - - - EUREKA! — we have found it! Steel-pens there are, of various kinds; some are very good — others sharp, wiry, splitty, splashy. You 'can't *always* tell,' and don't want at *any* time to have a pen fail you. But the best steel, or gold, or metal pen, of whatsoever kind, only *simulates* in excellence a well-made quill-pen. Fact. Our objection to quills has been, that they are not *long* enough above the tube. We never touch a pen within at least two-and-a-half inches from its distilling point. But the other day, watching the magical touch of our old and distinguished artist-friend ELLIOTT's pencil, as he was finishing the noble portrait of Ex-Governor WASHINGTON HUNT — which, among several other splendid productions of his pencil, pictures of men eminent in civil and political life, now grace his studio, in the upper apartments of the old Art-Union Building — we noticed



the long, light, fairy fabric of his pencil-handles, of cedar : and 'unto ourself we said : ' *That* is the pen-handle we have long sought. Now for the *real* pen — the quill-pen !' Weeks have since gone by — yet nothing but a noiseless quill-pen glides over our 'slips' for the printer. No sputtering — no splashing — no blacking of fingers'-ends, since the grateful present of disabled pencil-holders from our preëminent American portrait-painter. Pen-mending, when required, is a delight. It is an agreeable interruption, and always comes at a time when you have written enough to pause, and 'mend your hand.' It is as good as stopping to read. - - - RIGHT well pleased are we to see the elevation of SAMUEL B. WOOLWORTH, Esq., to the Secretaryship of the Board of Regents of our State Normal School, of which he has been for a long time the capable and popular Principal. A fine scholar, an excellent preceptor, a true gentleman, a warm-hearted friend, under whose instructions we sat, in our earlier academic days, (in common with many more fortunate fellow-students, not now unknown to fame,) we cannot resist an impulse — born of reminiscences which go back to pregnant instruction and pleasant hours — to say how much, in our long-settled judgment, the State has gained by such an addition to her educational force.

'THE PRISONS OF WELTEVREDEN,' ETC., BY CAPTAIN GIBSON. — Mr. J. C. RIKER, one of our well-known publishers, at Number 129 Fulton-street, has issued a very handsome volume, illustrated by some forty wood-cuts, from original sketches by the author, entitled the '*The Prisons of Weltevreden, and a Glance at the East-Indian Archipelago.*' It may be said of the pictorial portions of the work, that they claim to be literal and truthful descriptions of the characters and costumes of Java and Sumatra :

'CAPTAIN GIBSON's volume embraces some mention of early influences, which led the author to adventure in the East; his voyage thither in his own vessel, the 'Flirt,' visiting many small islands but little known in the South-Atlantic and Indian Oceans; his arrival in the Malayian Archipelago, and sojourn in the interior of Sumatra, where he saw apparent evidences of semi-human beings and became acquainted with princes and nobles of the island, and their families; visiting them at their homes and partaking of their hospitality, studying their literature, and observing their religion, laws, customs, and social habits, as peculiar to the Malay race, and as affected by European influences; and forming intimate friendly relations, which were interrupted by the jealousy of Dutch officials, causing his arrest, the seizure of his vessel, his confinement in the prison of Weltevreden, in the island of Java, where he remained one year and a half, undergoing a most extraordinary prosecution at the hands of the government of Netherland India. The grand-daughter of a Sumatran prince befriended him there, and he had, within his prison cell, a most interesting experience of Malay and Javanese character; meeting with a heroism of devotion bordering upon the regions of romance — which brightened many prison hours, and finally enabled him, when his life was in danger, to effect his escape.

'The romantic beauty and poetic life of Indian isles are arrayed in the vesture of Eastern story; while the graver facts of the country's resources, and of European influence and dominion, are set forth in more sober garb. But facts alone are presented, and are all but a small portion of what might be said about isles and races so little known to this Western world; about weak and worthless princes, and simple, heroic women; about climes of perpetual spring, lands of unfading verdure, rocks seamed with gold, groves filled with spices, and an unsurpassed beauty and bounty of Nature everywhere.

'New and interesting prospects in the future destiny of the East-Indian Archipelago are opened up for the contemplation of the Christian philosopher and statesman.'

'THE OLD PLAY-GROUND,' is the taking title of quite a pretty song, just published by FRETCH, FOND AND COMPANY, the words by EDWARD I. ALLEN, and the music by I. DE RUVERA. 'Any body' could sing it and play the accompaniment — and *almost* any body would like it. The music is suited for a tenor or baritone, but is not beyond the compass of most base voices. A 'hyper-critic' once complained of the exquisite '*Ben Bolt*,' that its rhythmical structure was imperfect, some of the lines not being full, while others were redundant. Yet who does not think the song, when *sung*, all the better for these defects? The same fault might perhaps be found with the song before us; and a similar defence of it made.

'HOME COMFORTS,' is the title of a very useful book, published by BUNCE AND BROTHER, Nassau-street, New-York.